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No. VI.

"Shall we curse the planets of mishap?"

SHAK.

AN! now, my dear Mrs. Editor, how *could* you serve me such a trick?—to drop my poor, dear No. V. "behind the fender!" the very best of all my letters, and containing such a pretty compliment from the old Bachelor! and to make the thing still worse, I had not time to copy a single line of it, so that No. 5, like those two interesting chapters in *Tristram Shandy* which cost the author such a world of trouble, must remain forever *blank*. I declare, it is a very vexatious "accident?" and to be plain with you, I really do believe you burned it up with "malice prepense"—for on the very day that you say you received it, the weather, here in the country, (where, *generally speaking*, it is much colder than it is in town,) was so warm that, instead of having a *fire* any where but in the *kitchen*, we had all the windows hoisted, and sat like a bank of violets, stealing odour from the sweet South. It was a *delicious* day—"as

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full of spirit as the month of May"—the hyacinths were all in bloom—the roses were beginning to peep from their opening buds—and every tree was vocal with the Blue-bird, the Robin and the Wren, and *you* had a *fire*?—and were obliged to sit *so near it*, that my poor letter, unread, uncopied, as it was, "fell within the fender," by the mere force of gravitation, unaided by any projectile impulsion?—But why did you not pick it up again? The fire must have been, what we call in the country "*a rouser*," to have entirely consumed so *uninflammable* an article, before you could stoop to the tongs!—you could not have just been in the act of opening, or of reading the letter, or the "accident" would certainly have been discovered in time to snatch some little remnant of the precious epistle from ruin.—My aunt *guesses* you were sitting with your lap full of *communications* and *children*, and that the latter, envious of the notice which the former attracted, gave one of them a sly kick, the *inflammation* arising from which gave the first hint of its fate. How she came to be so well acquainted with the antipathy existing between *children* and *letters*, I don't know—she certainly did not acquire her knowledge from *experience*.—As to my own share in the mishap, my dear Mrs. E., I heartily forgive the little *Gracchus*, or *Sempronius*, or *Clayton*, for shewing such resentment against any thing that divided its mother's attention.—But I *hope* your readers will be as much disappointed as I was at seeing no "No. V.," and I know not how to make a better apology to *them*, than by copying for their perusal the following extract from your letter to my aunt, which gave us the information of the fatal ordeal to which my poor lucubrations had been subjected—Your prosopopœia of me is very pretty, and very complimentary, but it actually made me shudder—Now, I *charge* you to publish the extract just as it is—unless, indeed, you should already have prepared a handsome apology before this can reach you; in that case, you may strike it out, and fill up the *hiatus* with any thing you please:—

Extract of a Letter from the Editor of the National Magazine, or Lady's Emporium, to Mrs. Cecelia St. Leger.

"I regret to say that a dire misfortune has befallen *Clara*—she by some accident or other, fell within the fender, and before she could be extricated, (her garments being of such combustible materials,) was so dreadfully burned, scorched, and disfigured, that even her nearest friends could not recognize a single feature,—no, not

even a *line* of her countenance. What to do in the case I know not, but earnestly hope that her friends will not attribute the accident to any want of attention on my part. I sincerely deplore the mishap, and have suffered more from it perhaps, than she will herself; but I have still a hope, that with assiduous care, and a little of your kind assistance, she may yet be restored to her former, naturally blooming appearance, and again become the admiration of all who have seen her."——

There! what do you think of a vanity that can swallow such flattery as that?—Rosa Neville, who is looking over me, says, she knows many girls quite as vain, but not quite so willing to let the world see it:—now, for my part, I think there is more vanity in supposing that *the world* takes any interest in the matter, one way or the other, than there is in evincing the pleasure one feels at being flattered. *My* world consists of those who know me, and love me, and whom I love in return, sincerely and dearly;—as to every body else, I am just of Lord Chesterfield's opinion, that we should regard them with as much unconcern as we would so many cabbage heads in a garden.—

"Well! Rosa, I see you want to say something—out with it—and I'll make it a part of my letter—"

"O no! for pity's sake!" cried Rosa, trying to snatch the pen out of my hand—"I won't sit by you—I won't talk to you, if every word I utter, is to be set down in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote, as your favorite poet says, and repeated for the amusement of all the gossips in town—"

"Then you do think it would *amuse* them, Rosa? I should like to know if there is no vanity in that—"

"I never pretend to be free from it, Clara; but people, you know, are as often *amused* by what they can render ridiculous, as by that which is calculated to please and entertain them—I was merely going to remark, since you force me to it, that there is one species of vanity which is apt to become an annoyance to others—"

"There, now, stop!—don't say another word—I understand you: you think I am running into egotism, but you forget what I just said about *cabbages*, and so forth—"

Mrs. Neville and my aunt came in at this moment, and interrupted our tête à tête. The former, merely saying, "May I, Clara?"

took up my unfinished letter, and began to read it—"Read it out, Mrs. Neville," said my aunt—and poor Rosa had to bear a double dose of the egotism. She laughed heartily at the extract from your letter, but my aunt declared that if I had not been in the room with her when she received it, she should have been frightened to death. When she had had her laugh out, Mrs. Neville inquired with some anxiety, if the last Number were not the one in which I had completed my sketch of herself and Rosa—"Yes, indeed!" said I—"Mrs. Barney, I dare say, was not aware of what a destruction of character was committed in her *auto da fe*."——

"But you have copies of these exquisite sketches, surely?" continued the Lady——

"No—but the still more exquisite originals, are before me," said I, with a profound courtesy to Mrs. Neville and Rosa.

"That is a very equivocal compliment, Clara! and I shall not thank you for it, until you reinvest me in your robe of immortality."

"A hem!" said I—"I am not always in the humour to paint; and the pen, that aspires to touch a trait of Mrs. Neville, should be breathed upon by the spirit of—the tenth Muse——"

"*Apropos to egotism!*" cried the volatile, but charming widow, "what do you think of Lady Morgan's late work on France?"——

"I think—notwithstanding your question is so *apropos to egotism*—that it is, (with the exception of a few scattered pages devoted to fulsome adulation,) one of Lady Morgan's most interesting works. The subjects are so infinitely varied, from farce to philosophy, from science to the frivolities of fashion, and all treated with so much originality of thought, manner, and expression, and with such independence of spirit, that I was greatly delighted with the work."

"She is an extraordinary woman, indeed!" continued Mrs. Neville, "and a striking example of the all-conquering powers of courage and perseverance. Had Lady Morgan's talents, brilliant and multipotent as they are, been unassisted by the possession of these qualities, she must long since have sunk under the constant hostilities of the British Press. Indeed there are very few authors, of either sex, who could have roused their energies to a second effort, under the weight of such severity of vituperation as that which assailed the first production of Lady Morgan. This, to be sure, was the strongest evidence which could be given of the powers of her genius; for, a work that *deserved* half the censure which the

reviewers lavished upon her's, would have been thought *unworthy* of their notice. But she was young, unknown, without friends or patrons among the great, and her critics were at that time regarded by the public, every where, as forming a Court of Literature, from whose decisions there could be no appeal: the boldness, therefore, with which she pressed forward in her course and defied their power, richly merited the success which has ultimately crowned her labours."

"But the same Reviewers still continue to lash her at every new appearance she makes."

"The same *Reviews*, but not the same *Reviewers*—the former, being always devoted to the party in power, never change their character; the latter are a sort of human cameleons—not that they feed upon air, but that like these reptiles, they change their hue as they change their position, and always take the colour of the money they handle. Thus the same Reviewer, will be a flaming ministerialist in the "Quarterly," and a Brutus, with his dagger drawn, in the "Monthly," or some other Periodical in the service of the Opposition."

"I did not know," observed Rosa, looking at her mother with an expression of unaffected simplicity—I did not know that Politics had any thing to do with literature!"

"Literature, my dear!" replied her mother, "properly embraces every thing that comes within the sphere of human knowledge.—Politics is a branch, and a most important branch, of Literature—and it is for that reason, my dear, that I have so often drawn your attention to the study of well written political Essays. No education can be complete, whether of male or female, without some knowledge of the principles of that science which teaches us the art of government!"

"I have been so accustomed" said Rosa, "to consider Politics as nothing more than the struggles of Party for place and power, that I have never felt the slightest interest in the subject."

"You have looked at the subject with too narrow a view, my dear child! It is the fault of our penurious language, that we are obliged to use the same signs for very different ideas—identical terms, for things essentially distinct. The violent, and often contemptible, disputes, that occupy so much space in our public journals, and create so many bitter animosities between friends and

families, are no more entitled to the name of Politics, than the demagogues, for whose benefit they are carried on, are entitled to be called Patriots. In such controversies I do not blame you for feeling no interest—they are degrading to the intellect, injurious to the character, and subversive of the best interests, the peace, harmony, and happiness, of the country. But in its generous, lofty, didactic signification, no science, no branch of human knowledge, can be more interesting, more worthy of universal attention, than Politics. Whether we shall live under a free and happy government, or become the wretched subjects of tyranny and oppression—Whether the government of our choice shall be administered with energy, integrity, and wisdom, and with a single view to the developement of those resources on which depends the general prosperity; or whether, by our own voluntary neglect to become acquainted with the true principles and powers of Administration, we suffer it to fall into the hands of ignorance, imbecility, empiricism, or corruption—are questions in which, you cannot but see, every individual has a deep, present, and permanent interest.—But I am drawing too largely upon the politeness of our good friends here, my dear Rosa, in giving you a lesson which ought, perhaps, to have been reserved for our closet studies.”

“Not at all, my dear Mrs. Neville!” said my aunt—“On the contrary, you have delighted me, and, as I can see from her eyes, Clara also, with this assertion of a doctrine so much in unison with our own, and so much at variance with the fashionable notions of female rights, and duties, and their appropriate studies. We shall, not one of us, I trust, become politicians, in the narrow, cunning, artful sense of the term, but that which involves the *future*, as well as present, interests of a whole people, can never be an improper or unnecessary study, for those who expect to become wives and *mothers*.”

“*Mais revenons nous à notre sujet!*” I exclaimed—“we seem to have wandered strangely from France and Lady Morgan”—

“Not so much, as you imagine,” said Mrs. Neville. “It was because Lady Morgan shook off the restraints which fashion and a degrading custom had imposed upon our sex, and denied to the other the right to monopolize discussions in which both were alike concerned, that she drew down upon herself so much abuse and ridicule.

She shewed herself to be a patriot in the truest sense of the term, and undertook, by a series of arguments drawn from domestic scenes with which she was familiar, to demonstrate that the policy pursued by the English government, in the administration of the affairs of Ireland, was founded in entire ignorance of the nature and condition of the people to be governed. Her countrymen were treated as wild beasts—she proved them to be human beings. This was a sin against the ministry, not to be forgiven by ministerial reviewers, and she was denounced as a Jacobin, an Atheist—she was reviled in such terms as none but such reviewers, living within the sound of Billingsgate slang, could have conceived, or could have applied, I will not say, to a lady, but—to any female.”

“You are warm in defence of Lady Morgan, my dear Mrs. Neville,” said my aunt—“but, do you not think”—she continued—“that she owes much of her present fame to this very abuse that you speak of? would her productions have been as extensively read, do you suppose, if there had not been some attraction beyond their own merits to excite the public attention? Some authors, it has been said, have not scrupled to become their own critics, and to censure their productions with unmerited severity, for the purpose of drawing public attention, and to afford themselves an opportunity of making a more triumphant appeal to public justice. Overstrained abuse is sometimes better than the “*puff direct*,” to ensure a good reception to its object, from a world always fond of incongruities.”

“It is possible, my dear madam, that Lady Morgan would not have been so *early* known to fame, had she met with the treatment usually given to young authors. Opposition so extraordinary, so disproportional to the provocation, and to a female, whose only weapon of offence or defence was her pen, was naturally calculated to excite the sympathies of the compassionate as well as the attention of the curious. Her books, therefore, would probably be sought after by a greater number and variety of readers, than if they had been ushered before the world under ordinary circumstances. But, as I have already observed, if Lady Morgan had not been blessed with a natural courage, more than falls to the lot of the sex in general, that kind of notice, to which you seem to think her indebted for the high rank she now holds in the literary world, would have silenced us for ever; so that it may be said of her with as much truth as can

be said of any body, that she has been the artificer of her own fortune. She has overcome obstacles from which others would have turned aside in despair; she has overthrown the despots of criticism whose very frowns have annihilated others; and she has lived to make the very idols of fame her companions and friends."

"Lady Morgan" said my aunt, "is certainly well received, and favorably noticed, by some of the first men of the age, but do you really think her genius, independent of adventitious circumstances, entitles her to the place she seems to occupy among the learned of Europe?"

"I know not how to doubt it, without falling into the dilemma of doubting, that there is such a body in Europe, as *the learned*. But to give a character of Lady Morgan's genius would be a task beyond my powers—as one of her reviewers said of the inspiring genius of her *National Tale of the O'Briens and the O'Flahertys*, "it is too tricksome and rapid for the art of criticism, and will not be constrained by mastery. No sooner have we found one theory of the author's genius, and indulge the fancy that we could develop it with some effect, than the next chapter confounds all our notions, and awakens a new train of thoughts and images, to be dissipated in their turn by the force or brilliancy of succeeding passages in a vein of feeling entirely distinct and new." What the critic says of this work, may be said with equal truth of every thing that has come from the pen of Lady Morgan, with especial propriety of that class of her productions to which her "France in 1829—30" may be assigned. To go on with the quotation—"The transition is not merely from the sternest and most fearful tragedy to the wildest farce, which is comparatively easy; but from either, in turn to the careless grace and enchanting levity of the highest, the most polished, and the most frivolous of the social circles. The mere change of scene"—he continues—"is nothing; what any mere mechanist in novel-writing can effect with ease; but the marvel is in the elasticity of the spirit which informs all; which does not merely triumph in an hysterical transition from tears to laughter; but now flashes with eloquent indignation; now diffuses cheerfulness by wreathed smiles; now revels enchanted in dangerous luxury; now glows beneath the solemn shade of an old monastery, breathless with adoration; now bounds freely over the heath-clad mountains, and holds communion with the mist and the cloud; and anon sportively untwists the cords of

fluences which govern nations."—This is the nearest approach to a political intrigue, and unveils in jesting mood, the secrets of the incorrect delineation of Lady Morgan's extraordinary powers of mind that I have met with, but I do not think it does her full justice—the versatility of her genius is far from being its most characteristic trait; originality, vigour, and solidity, equally belong to it; and in the work we are speaking of, there is as much evidence of profound *erudition*, as there is of that enchanting levity and brilliant sportiveness of imagination, so beautifully illustrated in the description I have just quoted."

"But you allow" said I, "that Lady Morgan is a sad egotist?"

"To depict France, and French society, as she found them on her late visit, it was impossible for her to be otherwise. She herself constituted the great attraction of the scenes and people she describes—her reception at Paris by all classes of *savans* and *fashionables*, *Romanticists* and *Classicists*," was almost equal to the triumphant entry of Napoleon from Elba, and such as has seldom been entered into by any other than *heroes*. If egotism can ever be excusable, surely Lady Morgan, under such circumstances, had a right to indulge the vanity—she breathed nothing but incense, and the very cooks and confectioners vied with poets and philosophers to do her homage."

"Why, yes!" said my aunt, laughing—"that was certainly a sweet compliment, which "Monsieur Carême" paid to the *universality* of Lady Morgan's powers of pleasing—Clara, my dear, she continued, turning to me, "do read us that scene again at Rothschild's dinner—I remember I thought it very good."

As the book was lying near Mrs. Neville; she picked it up, turned to the passage, and saying, she would save me the trouble, read what follows:—

"We proceeded to the dining-room, not, as in England, by the printed orders of the red book, but by the law of the courtesy of nations, whose only distinctions are made in favour of the greatest strangers."

"The evening was extremely sultry; and in spite of Venetian blinds and open verandas, the apartments through which we passed were exceedingly close. A dinner in the largest of them threatened much inconvenience from the heat. But on this score there was no ground for apprehension. The dining-room stood apart

from the house, in the midst of orange trees. It was an elegant oblong pavilion, of Grecian marble, refreshed by fountains that "shot in air through scintillating streams;" and the table, covered with the beautiful and picturesque dessert, emitted no odour that was not in perfect conformity with the freshness of the scene and fervour of the season. No burnished gold reflected the glaring sunset; no brilliant silver dazzled the eyes. Porcelain, beyond the price of all precious metals, by its beauty and its fragility—every plate a picture—consorted with the general character of sumptuous simplicity which reigned over the whole, and showed how well the masters of the feast had "consulted the genius of the place in all."

"To do justice to the scene and research of a dinner so served, would require a knowledge of the art equal to that which produced it. Its character, however, was, that it was in season, that it was up to its time, that it was in the spirit of the age, that there was no *per-rugue* in its composition, no trace of the wisdom of our ancestors in a single dish; no high-spiced sauces, no dark-brown gravies, no flavour of cayenne and allspice, no tincture of catsup and walnut pickle, no visible agency of those vulgar elements of cooking, of the good old times, fire and water. Distillations of the most delicate viands, extracted in "silver dews," with chemical precision,

"On tepid clouds of rising steam,"

formed the *fond* of all. Every meat presented its own natural aroma; every vegetable its own shade of verdure. The *Mayonese* was fried in ice (like Ninon's description of Sevigné's heart,) and the tempered chill of *plombière* (which held the place of the eternal *fonder* and *soufflets* of our English tables) anticipated the stronger shock, and broke it, of the exquisite *avalanche*, which, with the hue and odour of fresh gathered nectarines, satisfied every sense, and dissipated every coarser flavour.

"With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks, as to actors, the wreath of Pasta or Sontag (divine as *they* are,) were never more fairly won than the laurel which should have graced the brow of Carême, for this specimen of the intellectual perfection of an art, the standard and gauge of modern civilization! On good cooking depends good health; on good health depends the permanence of a good organization; and on these, the whole excellence

in the structure of human society. Cruelty, violence, and barbarism were the characteristics of the men who fed upon the tough fibres of half-dressed oxen. Human knowledge, and refinement belong to the living generations, whose tastes and temperance are regulated by the science of such philosophers as Carême, and such amphitryons as his employers.

"As I was seated next to Monsieur Rothschild, I took occasion to insinuate, after the soup, (for who would utter a word before?) that I was not wholly unworthy of a place at a table served by Carême; that I was already acquainted with the merits of the man who had first declared against "*la cuisine epicée et aromatisée*;" and that though I had been accused of a tendency towards the *bonnet rouge*, my true vocation was the *bonnet blanc*. I had, I said, long goûté les ouvrages de Monsieur Carême theoretically; and that now a practical acquaintance with them filled me with a still higher admiration for his unrivalled talents.

"*Eh ! bien*, said Monsieur Rothschild, laughing, "he, on his side, has also relished your works; and here is a proof of it."

"I really blush, like Sterne's accusing spirit, as I give in the fact; but he pointed to a column of the most ingenious confectionary architecture in which my name was inscribed in spun sugar. My name written in sugar! Ye Quarterlies and Blackwoods, and *the Brute*, false and faithless Westminster!—ye who have never traced my proscribed name but in gall,—think of "*Lady Morgan*" in sugar; and that, too, at a table surrounded by some of the great supporters of the holy alliance! *je n'en revenais pas !*

"All I could do, under my triumphal emotion, I did. I begged to be introduced to the celebrated and flattering artist, and promised, should I ever again trouble the public with my idleness, to devote a tributary page to his genius, and to my sense of his merits, literary and culinary. Carême was sent for after coffee, and was presented to me, in the vestibule of the chateau, by his master. He was a well bred gentleman, perfectly free from pedantry, and, when we had mutually complimented each other on our respective works, he bowed himself out, and got into his carriage, which was waiting to take him to Paris.

"Shortly afterwards, I got into mine; and drove to Antuil, to a *soirée* at Gerard's delicious campagne, where, seated in a corner of

the drawing room, while that delightful amateur, *Barberi*, was singing a *duo* with the fair little companion of all my enjoyments, I meditated on the superiority of Paris over all the cities of the world; where in the same evening, one dines with the sumptuous entertainer of his age, on a dinner dressed by *Carème*, and finishes the night in listening to delicious music, played by *Rosini*, in the house of *Gerard*: the identical site where *Boileau* entertained *Molière*, and *Racine* listened to the strains of *Rameau* and *Lulli*!

"There was, in all this, charming impressions to form the subject for a page in the "book of my boudoir, *Rue de Rivoli*;" and for accomplishing my promise to Monsieur de *Carème*, *chef-de-cuisine* to one of the wealthiest subjects in Europe, and (as far as my observation went) one of the most tasteful: so I give it written, a *trait de plume*, and I call on the testimony of the guests of that enjoyable day, in favour of the fidelity of the details, should they ever be disputed by "Weeklies," "Monthlies," "Quarterlies," or "*Lettres adressées à Miladi Morgan*." "

As Mrs. Neville threw down the book, after reading this appetite-kindling description, she declared she did not believe there was an individual living, male or female, who could have resisted the temptation to such egotism as that—I am sure you think as I do, *Clara*!" she continued as she turned her sparkling eyes upon me—"don't you think "*Miladi*" had a good excuse for her vanity?"

I said, I thought she had much better excuses than the sugar monument of Monsieur *Carème*, in the respect and friendship of the most eminent persons of the age, Artists, Authors, and Heroes, whose names are identified with the history of the nineteenth century——

But, my dear Mrs. Editor, I am entirely forgetting the hint which *Rosa* gave me about the *length* of my Letters—she says that not one in a hundred ever reads more than two or three pages of *any thing*, and I have no right to expect to be an exception. I wish I had thought of it sooner! I would have cut this up into three or four letters—but in future, I will study to be brief—and so, adieu!

CLARA JONES.

Selected

PETRARCH CROWNED IN THE CAPITOL.

With the name of Petrarch, the passion of the Lover, the fancy of the Poet, and the learning of the Philosopher, are intimately associated. Sentiment and sensibility, glow in their brightest tints, and abound with the purest feelings, at the recollection of his character; and dulness, inspired by the magick of his genius, sports for a moment among the flowers of fancy, and soars on the transient flush of enthusiasm. Petrarch is interesting to all; and to none is he more so than to the enterprising promoter of letters.

It was from imbibing eloquence and learning, at the fountain of ancient wisdom, that Petrarch became the Poet of Italy, and the reviver of taste and erudition. Ovid, Cicero, and Livy, were the sources of his ambition, and their beauties, the recompense of his toil. A dearth of Learning and taste in his native country, inspired him with the design of collecting the living embers of ancient genius, and kindling from their fire, the flame of modern invention. In this he succeeded. Presenting an impressive example in his own efforts and excellence, he was followed by a crowd of Poets, Orators, and Historians, who have honoured their countries, and immortalized themselves. How much of his fame, does Lorenzo De Medici owe to the sedulity, taste, learning, and enthusiasm of Petrarch! Is the measure of renown, always proportioned to the extent of merit? Prosperity applauds more by example, than judgment; and a Sovereign concentrates in himself, the united merits of his less conspicuous subjects!

Ambition is always enlarged by a knowledge of the merits, and an imaginary conception of the glory, of ancient genius. Their honour and their fame, are magnified by the mist of ages, to a modern eye; and if flattery, vanity or reason, told Petrarch that he was equal to *Horace*, he likewise deemed himself worthy of the same distinctions; he at least aspired to possess, and was invited to receive them.

The Greeks crowned their bards in reality; the Romans only in opinion, till the reign of Domitian. But in a modern fancy, the opinion of the old Romans, assumed the form and brightness of an

actual coronation. From the moment Petrarch read of the *crown*, he strove to deserve, and panted to obtain it. Time that matures every plan, and produces the fruition of every desire, at length brought him to the object of his wishes, and the summit of his ambition.

In his thirty-sixth year Petrarch was invited by the Senate of Rome, and the university of Paris, to receive the crown of Laurel, in the two most distinguished cities of the world. It is his conduct on this occasion, that betrays the weakness of the man, and displays the genuine character of *Petrarch's* heart and understanding.

This summons to glory and honour was made to him in the solitude of Vacluse, where the enraptured Poet was indulging his vain passion for a self created shadow of female perfection. After spending his life, in hopes frankly imparted to his friends, of attaining this distinction; after soliciting the powerful, flattering the vain, and intriguing with the learned, to procure the crown, we perceive the pensive and liberal Petrarch, affecting surprise at the splendid offer. He is overcome with wonder, to think that the honours of the world, should pursue him among his rocks and fountains; and hunt him from solitude and gloom, to be exposed to the overpowering glare of such dazzling distinctions! To have nations contesting the honour of his coronation; and to be thought the only object worthy of the prize, that a *thousand* years could produce! Our reverence and esteem for the man, are impaired by the duplicity and want of candour, so conspicuous in the Poet.—Had Petrarch, void of ambition, disgusted with the world, and wedded to seclusion, sought the solitude of Vacluse for the purpose of oblivion, a noisy summons to renown, would never have obtruded on his quiet, and agitated his mind, with the difficulty of choosing between two rival capitals. But even the love, and the solitude of Petrarch, were only valued as the handmaids to Fame. He forsook the world, that he might hear it complain of his absence; and he fixed his love on a shadow, that he might excite sympathy for his despair, the despair of *fancy!* and possess a subject for his *Sonnets*, and a charm for his muse. I do not mean, that such a person as Laura never existed; but that she was essentially destitute, of all the celestial attributes, with which he invested her, in the fervour of his

imagination, and the enthusiasm of his love. Shall we call that love, which is so easily reduced to *vanity*? Shall our admiration of his genius, blind us to a perception of his defects? He who knows Petrarch, must know, that the whole substance and spirit of his soul, was absorbed in that master passion of the mind, *Ambition*; and if it sometimes appeared in the less envious forms of vanity and Love, we must admire the skill of the Philosopher, who could shade the brightness of his character from the attention of Envy, and make his ambition appear amiable, pensive, and meek, and his genius only the sport of an amorous fancy!

It is with some apprehension of female anger, that I thus strike from the roll of Chivalry, a knight so courteous and admired, and a Lover so fond and devout. But more familiar in scrutinizing the inner mysteries of the heart of genius, than the general habits of accomplished women will permit them to be, may I venture to arrogate a more dispassionate judgment, in canvassing the merits of my own sex, and separating the impotence of the man, from the splendour of the Poet? Were all Lovers like Petrarch, and all women beloved like Laura, we should have more Poetry, but less happiness; and the misery of experience, would dispel the illusion of his passion, and attest the insensibility of his sentiment, and the strength of his ambition. Yet in dissipating a pleasing illusion of the fancy, is there not more delight lost, than the recovery of truth can compensate? The suggestion is produced by feeling the effect; and comes too late to restore the phantasy. It is thus the beams of truth often destroy a pleasure, while they melt a prejudice!

Of the two solicitations, Petrarch was for some time perplexed which to accept. In Paris a Poet had never been crowned; and if he complied with the request of that university, the novelty would gratify him, as giving an example to future ages, and as being the founder of an illustrious custom. Rome on the contrary had witnessed the ceremony; but then Rome could confer the highest honours, as a spot consecrated to the greatest geniuses of antiquity, and venerable and illustrious, as the cradle, and the tomb, of Heroes, Philosophers and Saints. The glories that still encircled the Capitol, won the preference of Petrarch; and Rome was destined to crown a modern Poet, in the seat of her triumphs, and the temple of her power. In this decision of the Latin Bard, Paris lost

some renown, though Rome gained little celebrity; the measure of the latter's greatness was full, and a Poet of Italy could add nothing to the lustre of her ancient glory. Paris on the contrary, undistinguished by genius, and yet fresh in the Virgin bloom of learning, would have been ennobled by the presence of Petrarch, and made illustrious through after ages, by her early encouragement of superior intellect and taste.

On Easterday, April 8, 1341, the ceremony of his coronation consummated his wishes, and revived a feeble image of Roman magnificence. At the sound of the trumpet, the streets were strewn with wreaths and flowers: and the ladies, (I wish I could say the *matrons*) of Rome, thronged the windows and balconies, and sprinkled perfumes upon the head of the Poet. He was preceded by twelve youths of patrician families, dressed in scarlet. Arrayed in a robe of state, a regal present and privilege, Petrarch followed, surrounded by six of the noblest citizens, in green, bearing on their heads crowns of flowers. The Senator came next, and the most illustrious members of the Council, closed the procession. When the Count of Anguillara, the Senator, ascended his throne, Petrarch, notified by a herald, arose, and having offered an appropriate comment on a text from Virgil, he made his vows three times, for the prosperity of Rome. "Long live the People, and Senator of Rome! God preserve them in liberty!" He then knelt before the throne of the Senator, who invested him with a crown of Laurel, saying. "This is the reward of merit." A sonnet upon the glories of Rome was then recited, by the grateful Poet, and the shouts and acclamations of the people, expressed their admiration for Petrarch, or their pleasure at the novelty of the scene. The procession then moved to the Vatican, and Petrarch offered the crown of his glory at the shrine of St. Peter, after the celebration of mass.

On the same day, the Count of Anguillara presented him a diploma, by which he was invested with the title and privileges of *Poet Laureat*. By the latter, he could assume the Poetick habit, and wear a crown of laurel, ivy, or myrtle, as caprice or vanity prompted; and he was licensed to teach, interpret, compose and dispute in all places, and on every subject.

Petrarch after the ceremony of the coronation, was conducted to the Colonna Palace, where a sumptuous banquet, and the com-

pany of the Roman Literati, closed the splendour of the day, and relieved the fatigue of ceremony!

Such were the honours lavished upon a Poet and Historian of the fourteenth century, in modern Italy; honours which perhaps would never have been thought of, had he not suggested them. That he deserved them cannot be denied; but he afterwards repented the vanities he had sought, and deplored a greatness, which multiplied his enemies while it lessened the number and kindness of his friends.

For the National Magazine.

L I G H T !

A VISION.

Hail holy light, offspring of heaven first born
Or of the eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd since God is light.

MILTON.

The curtains of my eyes were shut, but those
Of Fancy rose upon a tragic scene
Of might and majesty and change.—I stood
Upon a rising cloud, and firm my feet
Rested upon its moonlit edge of white.
The world in all its huge circumference
Apparent, hung before me; and my eye,
Aided by Fancy in the unwonted view,
Deem'd it far stricken in a length of years;
For Andes' towering cliffs conspicuous rose,
Their heads envelop'd in the locks of age.

Sudden, Destruction's Titan form emerged
Behind the orb—wide waving to and fro
His sable wings, that flap'd tempestuous rage—
Shaking the mountains from their deepest base,
And rousing Ocean from his sleepest couch.
Then, with a besom black, he swept the Earth
From pole to pole, in one wide circling swoop,
And all was lost: Destruction did the deed!
Arising then, he drew the veil of Heaven
Aside, and as a garment wrapt it up,
Enveloping the Sun and Moon and Stars
In its entangled folds; and hurled them deep
Into the vast of night and nothingness.

I stood entranc'd with horror on my cloud
Which still upheld me in the rayless air:
At length my ear perceived the muttering roll
Of distant thunder, and I soon beheld
Black globes of smoke, each swelling into size
And awful nearness, and with lurid burst,
Exploding in a deep and solemn sound.
At once they roll'd away—on either side—
Above—below—and let a flame leap forth,
That soar'd with wide expanded, radiant wings,
And spread them o'er the unbounded Universe.
Immediately before me stood an arch,
As great as if it—Iris-like—had touch'd
Horizon's utmost bounds, and swelled aloft
Into the Zenith of the clearest heaven.
It was compos'd of the prismatic rays,
Each broad and vivid; but with every grace,
And all a rainbow's melting harmonies.
At each extremity it was upheld
By pillars of a white transparent flame,—
So high and wide, that ne'er could human ken
Encompass them at once; and these were firm
And stably founded on the deep abyss.
Within this radiant arch there was a blaze
Of dazzling LIGHT, insufferably keen,

Filling the void as with a liquid sea
Of amber:—And I strait beheld an Eye,
Full glowing in the midst, from which such rays
Of sharp effulgence shot, that all the rest
Seem'd utter darkness. Reverently I stood
And bow'd my head in awe: That Eye was God's!

Abash'd, I turned me to this nether world,
And there beheld, with pinions widely spread,
Standing upon the ocean and the land,
A form of dignity and light. He blew,
With note that pierced my ear, his wak'ning trump,
And instant at the sound, the progeny
Of men, emerging, sprang from Earth and Sea,
And fill'd the whole world's vast circumference—
E'en standing on the waves, which calm and smooth,
Upheld them like a firmament of glass.

I noted some that calmly rais'd their eyes,
And drinking inspiration, pour'd a strain
Of sage-like wisdom and prophetic lore:
Others, I mark'd, who threw themselves in dust,
And magnified the Power that beam'd above:
Some stood in speechless wonderment; and some
Lean'd motionless with folded arms, and look'd
With meditative silence on the scene:

While many millions unrestrain'd leap'd high.
Clap'd their loud hands, and peal'd a joyful strain.
Others, alas! were torn with wild dismay,
Rending their garments—scattering their locks,
And flocking, like a herd of timid deer,
Into the glens and caverns of the Earth,
Each striving to conceal his impious form,
Behind the comrades of his wickedness.
Yet even some of these undaunted stood
With high and martial front, and press'd their lips
Into a look of firm, decisive soul;
While others stood and scowl'd with knitted brows
Upon the coward herd. Well I remember one,
A dark and daring soul, who would not stand

Among the vulgar mass of men ; but climb'd,
High on the summit of the loftiest crag,
That ever with deformity abrupt
Marr'd the smooth convex of the rounded earth.
And there he stood with folded arms, and brow
Wide jutting o'er an eye of fearful gleam ;
Much like a fire which bandits raise at night,
Beneath a cliff of overarching black.
He stood, and glanced upon the crowd that once
He made his vassal ;—on that sea of mind,
That with a breath he roused to stormy wrath,
Or with a motion smooth'd to perfect peace.
Anon he took a wide survey of all
Those regions vast he toil'd to make his own ;
And pass'd, with a curl'd lip and cold disdain,
The ocean rock from which his bones arose.
Another form I saw, but he was one
Bless'd with a dignity surpassing man.
He sat upon a gentle mound, that rose
Beside Potomac's glassy stream, which show'd
In its deep wave his image, just as clear
As that which in his breast reflected back
The godlike features of his countenance.
There did he sit in venerable ease,
Awaiting that glad moment when his soul
Should march triumphant in the bands of light.
Just then my sight alighted on a shaft
Of virgin white—a towering monument—
Amid a devastated city standing sole—
Only survivor of that besom black,
With which Destruction swept the trembling world.
Upon this column stood a hero's form,
Whose features were the same as *his* who sat
Upon Potomac's green and winding banks,
In wonder gazing, still I stood and mark'd
The differing moods which sever'd good from ill,
The one displaying joy and openness,
The other secrecy and loud lament.

One form I saw prostrate upon the Earth,
His breast high-heaving with internal pain,
And uttering one continued howl of woe.
Many would grovel in the sand, and deep
Burrow beneath the rocks, but piercing light
Made these transparent, and display'd their forms
Oft magnified, or broken in strange shapes,
As seen refracted by the rugged lens.

Kindred was drown'd in that relationship
Which now existed betwixt God and man;
And but one solitary scene I saw,
Which made me shudder. On a mountain side,
There rose from neighbouring graves, a father gray,
And a base, murd'rous paricidal son.
The one was calmly dignified; and rais'd,
Absorb'd in high and heavenly revery,
His eyes aloft to that pavilion vast,
Whence flow'd the fountain of the sea of light.
The other howl'd, and threw him on the ground,
And caught his father's robe, and bath'd the skirt
In tears of blood. The old man minded not,
But fast descending strode the mountain side,
And leapt from precipice to precipice,
Dragging the body of his demon son,
Who, bruise'd and mangled in the rugged path,
Still clench'd his father's robe with frenzied strength.

I turn'd my eyes above, and there array'd
Already stood the hosts of Heaven and Hell,
Upon the right and left of that arch'd throne,
Which for the last time, rear'd itself betwixt
The slaves of darkness and the sons of Light.
In vain my feeble verse would strive to sing
The glories of the angelic host of heaven,
In all the blazonry of glittering beams—
In all the fragrance of their wavering plumes.
One ray of their bright ranks, on human eye,
Would strike it blind as *his* who dared to gaze,
And found his penalty in endless night;—

But who, in that illicit glance, imbib'd
Such might of mind—such harmony of soul—
That as he sung of Heaven's high battlements
And glittering host, the world enchanted, paus'd
In its majestic circlet round the heavens,
And hung upon the numbers of his harp.

In front of all his iron ranks, behold
The morning star! Again through all his form
The archangel shines. He leans upon a spear,
And stands supported on a sable cloud.
His port speak loftiness and dignity.
Stern is the bending of his gather'd brow;
Ald like a comet gleams his baneful eye,
Which steadfast gazes on the all-seeing one,
And answers glance for glance. I've seen an oak,
For many centuries that stood supreme
Upon the hills, rearing, from roots that wreath'd
Infernal bowers—like this same Lucifer,
Its head high in the concave of the heavens:—
I've seen the waves of ocean when they sprang
With white-plum'd crests to battle with the stars:—
I've seen the mountain rise sublimely steep,
Washing his feet within the boundless main,
Girding his waist with many colour'd clouds,
And granting rest, upon his snowy top,
To the bold Eagle in his loftiest flights:—
But never in the works and wonders vast
Of nature—in her shapes of majesty,
Of size, of beauty and sublimity;
Have I beheld a form to match with *his*,
The prince of Darkness; Once the morning star!

There's silence deep in Heaven, while Fate
Commands his doom. Now all his lineaments,
His limbs of light and strength begin to fade;
And soon that radiant form is seen to stand
In all the blackness of primeval night.
A chariot rushes on the plains of air,
Borne by four furious steeds, harness'd abreast;

But he, the charioteer, soon curbs their fire
Into the slowness of a funeral pace.
Approaching nigh the fiend, and leaping down,
That mighty Angel bound him with a chain
Unto his chariot wheels, and slowly drove
Upon a road self-pav'd, as they advance,
With skulls and human bones. The rebel host,
Impel'd by Destiny and fatal force,
Form in a sad and sable train of woe,
Slow following their helpless, prostrate chief.
The demons then of this low world of sin,
Hearing the thunders of their awful doom,
Form after these; and slow the pageant moves,
Long winding into furthest space, until
They fade away before the aching view
Of all the blessed saints of Heaven and Earth.
It is a moment of unmingled awe!
Sudden a blue and lurid flame is seen,
Near where the last trace bid the eye adieu.
It vanishes, and on the ear a noise—
A slamming noise, rushes abrupt, and rings
Throughout the wideness of immensity,
And echoes from the deepest caves of space.
Next comes a grating sound upon the nerves
As of a turning key: and all again
Is still.

Soon rose a strain of joy
Among the angels of the bright abodes;
And all the blest of Earth abound in wings,
Each plume compos'd of every rainbow's hue.
Then did that vast pavilion slowly rise,
And with it all the myriads of Heaven:
And upward did I raptur'd gaze, until
It faded from my view, and rose on high
To loftier scenes of happiness and life.

Still—Still the universe was LIGHT, for he,
The mighty prince of Darkness was no more.

ROMULUS.

Selected.

THE RIVAL BEAUTIES.

It was the evening of the second day; on the following morning she was to expect the terrible visit of Mark Antony; dark forebodings, like the gloom of a coming tempest, lowered around her; the courage that had hitherto supported her began to droop and fail; although she knew not why; and as she mournfully watched the setting sun, her heart seemed gradually to sink down with it. In spite of her efforts to shake off her despondency, it continued to increase, until with a feeling of calm desperation, her eye measured the depth from the window to the sea, a dizzy, a fearful descent. "Here, at last," she whispered to herself, "one mode of escape is left open. If violence be offered to me, I may take refuge in death. Better to die innocent, than live dishonored and degraded. Saul would not survive his dishonour. Sampson destroyed himself rather than become a sport and scorn to the Philistines; and why should Zillah live to be the Dalilah of a Pagan?" Claspings her hands together, and fixing her eyes upon the floor, she remained for some time lost in melancholy reveries, when a female voice, soft, low, dulcet as a lover's lute, and sounding close to her ear, chanted in Hebrew a verse of the thirty-second psalm: "Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah!"

Starting from her position, she gazed around her with an indescribable wonder, not unmixed with awe. She was alone in the apartment. The exquisite, and, as it seemed, more than human melody of the voice, the Hebrew language, the words of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, so expressly applicable to her forlorn situation, and to the secret aspirations of her soul, all conspired to impress her with the conviction, that the Lord had sent an angel to comfort and deliver her; even as, in the olden times, he had miraculously rescued divers of his chosen people in the hour of peril and tribula-

tion. Her heart thrilled with a solemn reverent fear; she sunk upon her knees, and stealing timid glances around her, expected every moment to encounter some celestial visitant. The voice was mute:—no object met her eyes; all within the chamber was hushed and motionless:—Several minutes elapsed in the bewilderment of a silent and almost breathless suspense. Trembling with amazement, she at length saw one of the large silver mirrors start from its fastening, and swing round, when, from an opening in the wall behind it, a small female figure stepped into the chamber, enveloped in a shawl, which, covering her head and mouth, and descending to her feet, allowed nothing but her eyes to be seen. In her right hand she held a bag, which she threw upon the floor as she entered. Neither her garb, her deportment, nor the mode of her appearance, intimated her to be an angelic messenger; and Zillah's previous awe was subsiding into simple wonder, and the apprehension of some new treachery, when the stranger exclaimed, in the same surpassingly melodious voice she had previously heard: "Be not alarmed, Zillah, I am a friend; but though I speak your language, and am even, as you have heard, not unacquainted with your sacred writings, I will confess to you, that I am no Hebrew. Was it to inspire you with confidence, or to enjoy the spectacle of your alarm and wonderment, that I warbled to you a verse of your royal Psalmist? I know not. I am an inconsistent and a sportive creature; and yet I have reason enough for wretchedness, and I came hither upon no trifling errand, for it is my purpose to liberate you from captivity; to save you from dishonour; to restore you to your friends." Sinking down upon the ottoman as she spoke, she pointed to it with the condescending air of one who had been accustomed to receive profound homage, but wished to dispense with it upon the present occasion, and to place her colloquist upon a level with herself. "Be seated, maiden," she continued; "this is neither the place nor the season for ceremonious observances; I would wave all the customary honours of my rank; let us converse as equals." Though this was pronounced with a graciousness and suavity, there was something commanding and majestic, even in its very humility—something that indicated a consciousness of exalted station, and implied a lofty if not a haughty spirit. As she seated herself, the stranger

threw off her enveloping shawl; when Zillah was absolutely dazzled, not less by the effulgence of her beauty, than by the magnificence of the jewels by which her whole figure was emblazoned. Appearing to be about thirty years of age, she united all the elastic freshness of youth to the rich maturity of riper charms. Even for an Egyptian, she was dark, but still the blood blushed through the exquisitely soft and delicate texture of her skin, while her features were absolutely faultless, and her figure cast in the finest mould of symmetry. But as Zillah proceeded to converse with her, she found that her beauty, perfect as it was, constituted her least attraction; or rather, that her power to bury its expression became more captivating than all her other allurements. As if anxious to display this versatility, even to a female admirer, she wore at times a languishing and voluptuous air, as if she were faint with the thoughts of love; from which she would suddenly start into the piquant, volatile, and debonaire graces of an arch coquette, or assume the dignified and graceful stateliness of a Princess. In all these changes, her voice and address were so fraught with fascination; her blandishments were so winning; she was altogether so irresistibly bewitching, that Zillah never afterwards mentioned her by any other name than that of the enchantress.

"You are handsome, very handsome," said the stranger, leisurely surveying Zillah, before she proceeded further to unfold the purport of her visit—"of a stately and dignified presence, but little adapted, as I should have surmised, to the taste of Mark Antony. A thousand times has he sworn to me that he could never love any one taller than myself; but his vulgar, sensual soul is incapable of truth or constancy, and even in my own capital, nay, in my own palace, he dares to forget his allegiance to Cleopatra!"

"To Cleopatra!" exclaimed Zillah; "am I, indeed, conversing with Cleopatra? Oh, most beautiful and illustrious queen! I implore you, by the love you bear to Antony——"

"Love to Antony!" interposed Cleopatra, her eyes and her diamond tiara flashing together, as she tossed up her head, while the corners of her mouth were drawn down with an expression of fierce, ineffable scorn;—"for her own sake, and for that of her kingdom, the Queen of Egypt may condescend to win the heart of the victo-

rious Roman General, that so she may subdue her conqueror. This is degradation enough for the descendant from a long line of Ptolemies: but learn maiden, that Cleopatra is not formed to love a coarse, unintellectual, and inelegant soldier."

"I believe it, I believe it!—but you cannot abhor, you cannot detest him as I do. You said that you came to save, to rescue me. Tell me, oh, quickly tell me how, and forgive my impatience, for you cannot judge of my deep misery."

"Whatever it may be, your's will quickly cease; but who shall snatch me from mine? Vain are my incessant dissipations; vain is every external change when the sorrowing heart remains the same. Unless the vacant mind of Antony, adapted for nothing but sensuality, be stimulated by perpetual novelty, it sinks into tedium and melancholy; to prevent which I am forced to become the laborious slave of his pleasures. Sometimes I am a goddess, a queen, a Bacchante, a huntress; I fish, I chase with him, I accompany him in the camp as well as the court, by day and by night I am doomed to share his mad debaucheries; but the soul of Cleopatra is too refined to wallow in such orgies without being revolted; and under each disguise, in every moment of my life, I feel the deep humiliation of being obliged to court as a conqueror, him whom I hate and despise as a man. Have I not abundant cause for wretchedness? But you look impatient—your eager eyes are riveted upon the opening in the wall. It is natural, and I will keep you no longer in suspense. Antony was surprised when he learned that there were subterranean communications from this palace to all the theatres; he has yet to discover, that there is a perfect labyrinth within its walls, which was my motive for assigning it to him as a residence. Follow me!"

So saying, she again enveloped herself in her shawl, entered the opening behind the mirrors, and ascended a narrow, dark staircase, followed by Zillah, until they reached a level, when she stopped, and said to her companion, "Now advance no further, and beware how you look down, for a moment's dizziness, or a single false step, might dash you to atoms." Zillah gazing beneath her, beheld a vast and lofty hall, near the ceiling of which she found herself standing. It was spacious as the interior of a temple, decorated with ponderous

columns, a large statue of the veiled Isis, and other grim, gigantic, and hideous deities of the Egyptian mythology, which being only indistinctly revealed in the dim twilight, imparted an additional stupendous and terrific character to the gloomy vastness of the enclosure wherein they stood. A wrought stone cornice, projecting about two feet from the wall, extended from the spot where they stood to the opposite extremity of the building. "Have you the courage to risk your life by walking along this dizzy ledge?" inquired Cleopatra, pointing to it. "It is your only means of escape, and I have myself just traversed it for the purpose of visiting you."

"I can dare any peril, however desperate, that will rescue me from Mark Antony, and restore me to my friends; but how shall I express my gratitude for the heroic generosity that led you to encounter such a risk for the sake of delivering me from my persecutor?"

"There was little danger, for I am accustomed to such freaks, nor was my motive so disinterested as you may imagine. At present, I only wished to show you the hazardous nature of your exploit before you decided upon encountering it; you have consented to put your life in jeopardy, in order to preserve your honor. It is enough. Let us return to your prison."

"But why not make the experiment now, instantly, this very moment? I am prepared, eager to commit myself to this fearful footing, to any thing that may lead me back to my father, and away from the hateful Antony."

"This might, indeed, suit your purpose, but it would not answer mine. My orders must be implicitly obeyed. We must return to your apartment."

Descending the stairs to the chamber which they had previously quitted, Cleopatra threw off her shawl, and again seating herself upon the ottoman, informed Zillah that the colossal temple, or saloon, she had just visited, was called the Hall of Isis, in which a grand festival was to be celebrated at midnight, accompanied with sacrifices to the goddess. "All the nobility and the principal priests of Alexandria" continued the queen, "will be assembled at this great ceremony. At the approach of midnight, array yourself in the disguise which is enclosed in yonder bag, ascend the steps behind the

mirror, remain concealed where we were both just now stationed, and when you hear the priest of Isis give the health of Antony, and the band strike up his favorite march, issue from your hiding place, and walk with the stately tread that is natural to you along the cornice, taking especial care to turn your face to the wall, not only to prevent your being recognized, but to avoid a giddiness that might be fatal to you if you looked down; while you must not omit to wave your left hand towards the assemblage, as if in aversion and rejection. Do you fully understand these instructions?"

"I do; but why must this be done in the face of an assembled multitude, where there is so much risk of discovery, when I might perform it now, without disguise, and without the possibility of detection?"

"I am accustomed to implicit obedience, not to interrogations. Are you willing to commit yourself to my guidance, to attempt your escape precisely in the manner I have dictated?"

"Pardon me, and accept my submission. I place in your hands my life, and that which is still dearer to me, my honor. Your injunctions shall in every point be strictly followed."

"It is the only condition for which I stipulate; but this I shall most rigorously exact. Listen, and mark! At the farther extremity of the cornice, behind the capital of the great column, you will find an aperture in the wall leading to a narrow flight of stairs, at the bottom of which a female will be in attendance. Pronounce the word 'Anubis!' when she will divest you of your disguise, and conduct you out of the palace and the fortress by the subterranean passage that leads to the theatre."

"But, my dear father, my kinsman Gabriel, and our brave and trusty attendant Simon, how shall I discover and rejoin them? and what will become of me in this strange city, if I may not claim their protection?"

"Antony, who ransomed them, has ordered them to quit Alexandria, but they have not yet done so. They are at this moment concealed in the house of the Alabarch of the Hebrews, whither you will be conducted to join them, and you will then do well to lose no time in taking your departure for Judea. Tell me, Zillah, have I omitted any thing that may conduce to your safe and certain escape? Have I left you aught to desire?"

"Oh! nothing, nothing, most generous and gracious Queen! unless you can show me how I may testify my gratitude for such an inappreciable service."

"By an accurate observance of my orders; I require no other acknowledgment."

"They shall be most devoutly obeyed. But when Antony discovers my escape:—he is omnipotent throughout Egypt:—shall we not be pursued, overtaken, brought back?"

"How can he suspect your escape from the locked chamber of a guarded palace, within an impregnable fortress? Leave the bag that contains your disguise in the passage of the wall, close the spring-mirror behind you, and before you quit the chamber, tear one of the window curtains. He will conclude, that in a moment of desperation, from the terror of his approaching visit, you have climbed up to the window, thrown yourself into the sea, and perished, when his callous soul will immediately turn to some new pleasure, and he will think of you no more. Have you any other objection to make or request to urge?"

"None—none! And yet there is one—it has occurred to me—I fear you will think me importunate and over bold," faltered Zillah, hesitating and blushing deeply."

"Speak freely, what can I do more for you?"

"Nothing for myself—you have conferred too much already; but if I may not evince my gratitude to you, I would not willingly appear ungrateful towards another. There is a young Roman here—his name is Felix—my father was acquainted with him in Rome—he met us, as we were crossing the place of arms, and out of respect for my family was mad enough to draw his sword upon the guard, in a desperate attempt to rescue me. For this offence he lies under arrest, and threatened with heavy punishment. It would delight me—that is to say, my father would, I am sure, be gratified, if I could become instrumental in relieving this youth from a disgrace of which I myself was the unhappy cause."

"Nor would Zillah, I suspect, be much less delighted than her father," said Cleopatra, with an arch smile. "Nay, you need not blush so deeply; your secret is safe, but it was revealed to me before you had half concluded your speech. In these matters I am as

profound an adept as Sappho; and your hesitation, your voice, your heaving bosom, your changing complexion, all disclosed to me that you were in love with Felix. You start. Well, then, I will relieve you from your embarrassment, by telling you of another discovery I have made. Felix is in love with you."

"He has never uttered a word to that effect; or, at least, only *one*," said Zillah, more confused than ever.

"His actions have been eloquent enough without the aid of speech. Who but a lover would have drawn his sword upon a whole detachment of soldiers? Who but a lover, when he was committed to prison for the offence, would have forgotten his wound, and his impending punishment, to think solely of his mistress; to write to Cleopatra, the only person capable of liberating her; and artfully endeavour to pique her jealousy, by exalting the charms of her threatened rival?"

"Is it, then, to the affectionate forethought of Felix that I am indebted for your interference in my behalf?"

"Entirely. Remember, therefore, that if you succeed in effecting your escape, of which I entertain not a doubt, you will owe it quite as much to your lover as to Cleopatra."

"Brave, generous, noble-minded Felix! Perhaps we may never meet again; and I will confess that my heart could taste no peace, if I thought that I had entailed upon him the smallest penalty or disgrace. O my illustrious benefactress! can you remove this load from my bosom? Can you lead me to hope that——"

"Discard your fears," interposed Cleopatra. "Felix was placed under arrest by his uncle, a strict disciplinarian; but Antony knows not of his offence, and I will take care that he shall be quickly restored to the favour of Sosius."

"For my dear father and kinsman, for Felix, for myself, I have a weight of gratitude to express which is swelling at my heart, and yet my lips know not how to give it utterance."

"I am glad of it," said Cleopatra, "for you must then talk of something else. Our business is settled—the affair of your escape is all arranged—let us now laugh and amuse ourselves, for the present moment is the sole happiness of which we can ever be assured." Arraying her face in all the witchery of its dimpled smiles, giving

the reins to her sportive imagination, and displaying the full brilliancy of her playful wit, she now indulged in vivacious sallies, which might have been deemed the happy levity of a wild and thoughtless girl, but that occasionally some evidence of deep feeling would show that her heart was too sensitive to be altogether abandoned to frivolity, while now and then a dash of melancholy, throwing its shade across her features, would betray the hollowness of the gaiety she assumed. Nevertheless, its fascination was so irresistible, that her auditress still continued to listen and admire, unconscious of the lapse of time, until Cleopatra started up suddenly upon hearing a trumpet without, and exclaimed, "I must begone—forget not my instructions—my orders: dare not deviate from them, unless you would convert me into an irreconcilable enemy; and remember, that however much you may dread the love of Antony, it is not half so terrible as the hatred of Cleopatra!"—Her enchanting smiles had all flown, and a fierce, a menacing, almost a vengeful expression sat upon her features, as with a gesture of haughty warning she held up her hand, and disappeared through the aperture of the wall.

On the restored solitude, silence, and increasing darkness of her prison, Zillah could scarcely persuade herself that she had not been deluded by some delightful vision, the phantasy of an excited imagination. But the exquisite melody of Cleopatra's voice was still delicious in her ear; the bag containing the disguise was lying at her feet; the stairs by which she was to escape were dimly visible in the wall; and, as she recalled the gloomy and desperate thoughts in which she was plunged before this day-star of hope and joy had been sent to cheer her with its unexpected light, she poured forth her thanks to Heaven for that which she considered to be a signal and manifest interposition in her favour. Night's approach was now hailed as the harbinger of her deliverance and happiness. Far different were her thoughts, as she again seated herself at the window, from those which had lately harrowed her bosom when she occupied the same position. As the stars came twinkling forth from their chambers in the firmament, she contemplated them as the miraculous fires which were to light her out of this Egyptian wilderness; and as the rising moon diffused an effulgence upon the

waters, which stole along like a sweet smile, winning its way until it had silvered over the bickering glare shed upon the sea from the blaze of the Pharos, she was filled with a solemn and exceeding joy, for she knew that the hour of her outgoing from the Castle of Dagon was now fast approaching. When the welcome light shone into her apartment, she walked up and down, for her impatience would allow her now no longer to sit still, watching at every turn the slowly moving ray; and it still wanted nearly an hour of midnight when she opened the bag, and began to array herself in the disguise. It was a garment which Cleopatra herself had worn when it pleased her to personate the goddess Isis, the robe being decorated with the symbols of that deity, and the head-dress being a lofty garland of leaves, corn, and artificial peaches, interwoven together. Having completed this investiture, without knowing what it was intended to represent, Zillah tore one of the window curtains, in obedience to the directions she had received, entered the aperture of the wall, carefully closed the spring-mirrors behind her, and, dropping the bag that had contained her disguise, began to ascend the stairs, which were now shrouded in total darkness. A dim light, however, gleaming from the opening into the festive hall, soon became perceptible; it increased as she proceeded, and the sounds of merriment and revelry, growing louder and louder as she advanced, announced to her that the orgies were begun. Upon approaching the landing place, she stepped slowly and with caution, in the apprehension that she might be discovered from below; but she was at length enabled to conceal herself behind the palm-leaved capital of a massive column, where she could partially observe the proceedings beneath without being herself visible.

Massive golden chandeliers suspended from the ceiling, and numerous lofty candelabra and lamps of alabaster arranged along the side of the hall, irradiated the whole spacious enclosure with the blaze of day; the tables, encumbered with gorgeous plate, lofty Grecian vases sculptured with exquisite figures, and ponderous oriental censers, the sparkling of whose gold was quenched in the radiance of the jewelry with which they were enclosed, displayed that wasteful and insane profusion which constituted Mark Antony's sole notion of magnificence; the nobility and the priesthood in their

robes of ceremony, and the ladies of the court in their gala-dresses, resplendent with diamond blazonry, were ranged along the various tables: at the head of which sate the Triumvir, magnificently attired as the god Bacchus, having on his right hand Cleopatra, the enchantress of all eyes and hearts, not less voluptuous and lovely than the Queen of Love, whose garb and attributes she had assumed for the night. Cupids, and beautiful damsels representing the Nymphs and Graces, were in attendance upon the royal and divine pair, as if to complete their living apotheosis, and to offer by their light, lovely, and radiant forms, a strange contrast to the opposite extremity of the hall, where sate enthroned the great veiled figure of Isis, within an enclosure, guarded at each angle by the gigantic black granite statue of an Egyptian deity, stern, solemn, terrific, and rendered still more hideous by the red glare thrown from the flaming altar in front of the shrine.

As if determined that the preposterous inconsistency with which he supported the character of a god, should at least equal the monstrous impiety of its assumption, Antony, living in perpetual terror of being poisoned by the woman upon whom he doated, made Cleopatra publicly taste all the viands of which he partook, lest his immortality should be brought to a quick and fatal conclusion. These suspicions, although quite consistent with such love as he was capable of feeling, were little calculated, it might be thought, to promote his enjoyment of the festival, or even of life itself. And yet they seemed not to check the flow of his intemperate and boisterous hilarity. Well challenging his claim to the divinity of Barchus, so far as deep potations could confine it, he quaffed goblet after goblet, indulging the while in such ribaldry of conversation as was much more congenial to the camp than the court, and came with a revolting impropriety from the mouth of a pseudo-divinity, speaking in the presence of priests and ladies. The coarse-minded Romans received the vulgar sallies with shouts of applause, while the more refined Cleopatra, looking at one of her female friends, cast up her eyes with an expression of contemptuous disgust.

At length, silence being proclaimed by a crier, the Priest of Isis, standing beside the altar, pronounced in a loud voice, "The health of the god Antony! and may the sacrifices and libations which he now

offers to his sister Isis be propitiously accepted!" At the same time he poured perfumed oil upon the flame, and the band, as it had been previously concerted, struck up Antony's march. This was the signal for Zillah. Commending herself to heaven in a short prayer, she stepped upon the narrow cornice with a throbbing heart, and keeping her eyes fixed upon the wall, while she waved her hand rejectingly towards the assemblage below, she proceeded with a slow and steady pace along her perilous path.

Cleopatra was the first to startle the echoing hall with a fearful shriek, as she pointed at the apparition, screaming out "The Goddess! the Goddess! she rejects the offering!—and see, see, the fire of the altar has gone out!" and she fell back in her chair apparently overcome with dread. Owing to the great height of the cornice, none of the guests below could perceive its projection, and they might therefore be well excused for imagining that the offended goddess was actually treading the air, and about to visit them, perhaps, with some terrible infliction. There was a momentary pause of silence, awe, horror, such as that wherewith we may imagine the Babylonian revellers and his courtiers to have been smitten when they saw the Angel hand inscribing strange characters upon the wall. The musicians suddenly ceased—the instruments fell from their hands,—the priests threw themselves prostrate before the altar,—some shrieked aloud—aghast and petrified, others pointed to the moving prodigy in an agony of dumb terror;—consternation and shuddering amazement sate upon every countenance. But this transfixed seizure soon became a rushing panic fear; they who were nearest to the great doors burst out of the hall with loud cries: the contagion of flight rapidly spread itself; Antony and Cleopatra themselves, in spite of their assumed divinity, and the royal diadem they wore, offered to their guests the humiliating spectacle of a disorderly retreat; and in a few minutes the silent, lonely hall, with its lamps still blazing, the gorgeous vases and goblets flickering in their own golden light, their gems twinkling like stars, the censers breaking up their rich perfumes, and the costly feast outspread upon the tables, were all abandoned to the veiled Goddess, and to the granite giants, who seemed to be left as the grim guardians of the deserted banquet.

The superstitious Antony, hurrying to the penetralia of his palace, summoned the priests of Isis, that they might solve the meaning of the prodigy. At this period, his attachment to Cleopatra was so far from having reached the point of infatuation which it subsequently attained, that he had repeatedly refused to bestow upon her the little island of Cyprus. Resolved to extort from his fears what she could not wheedle from his love, she had devised for this purpose the manœuvre of Zillah's apparition. Tutored by her, the colluding priests, who had extinguished the fire of the Altar, persuaded Antony that the Goddess had rejected his offerings, because he had refused to confer upon her favorite Cleopatra the Island of Cyprus, which she had so often solicited. She had lately rebuilt upon its shores a dilapidated temple of Isis, and the Goddess manifestly wished the entire sovereignty to be vested in her who had shown such piety in restoring her worship. To make atonement for his error, Antony instantly saluted her as Queen of Cyprus. Cleopatra's stratagem had completely succeeded. She had at once got rid of a threatened rival, and won by artifice (which, in her eyes, enhanced its value,) a rich and productive island. To prove that the offended deity was now appeased, she shortly proposed a repetition of the festival, at which it is needless to record that the fire upon the altar burned with an auspicious brightness, and that no menacing apparition came to startle and appal the guests in the midst of their hilarity.

Zillah, in the mean while, having completed her airy march in perfect safety, though not without occasional trepidation, entered the passage in the wall that had been indicated to her, found the secret stairs, descended them, and proceeded onwards in the deep darkness till she came to a closed door, when she pronounced the word "Anubis!" It was repeated from the other side; the door opened, and she beheld a female with a lantern, who began instantly and in silence to divest her of her disguise; at the conclusion of which she said, "Follow me, and utter not a word."

In obedience to this command, Zillah proceeded for some time along a narrow subterranean passage, which, dark and gloomy as it was, filled her heart at every step with an increasing exhilaration, from the conviction that she was leaving behind her the palace, the

fortress, and all the horrors that had threatened her within their precincts, and at the same time momentarily drawing nearer to her father, to liberty, and to happiness. Their progress was at length stopped by a low door, which her conductress unlocked and opened, when they found themselves within a theatre, whose vastness was rather to be inferred from the hollow echoes of their feet, than by the evidence of their eyes; for the feeble light of the lantern, although it continually revealed successive ranges of stone seats, was swallowed up by the darkness before it reached the boundary walls. This enclosure was traversed, and another small door was opened, when Zillah, with a delight that thrilled deliciously through her bosom, and seemed to imbue the very air with a taste of freedom and joy, stepped into one of the public streets of Alexandria. They crossed it, and proceeded down another, until they reached a detached building, at the door of which her conductress knocked gently, saying, "This is the house of the Alabarch of the Jews."

—————The door flew open, and in another moment Zillah was fast locked in the arms of her father.

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For the National Magazine.

SOUTHERN SCENERY.

—————
BY C. R. FLOYD, OF GEORGIA.

—————
The beautiful, and even the deformed Works of Nature in Europe have been celebrated by the pencils and the pens of genius, and the representations of them have attracted our attention and praise, whilst many of the beauties of our own Paradise remain undescribed.—Have we neglected them because each spot, each

tree, is not consecrated by a story of battle, love or witchcraft—or because our bards and artists want talent or encouragement?—Our hoary forests are gradually falling beneath the axe, and avarice has rooted out even the stumps of trees that were probably the growth of centuries—this is deplorable, and those who succeed us will regret the blindness of their fathers.—Our artists, our poets should delay no longer.

When I gaze at the soft outline and delicate shades of our Southern Scenery on the Sea Coast; our grassy plains, and graceful trees of every tint of green, some with their crooked branches dipping in the ocean, and others pointed in right lines far above the forest's density, my heart dilates with pride as well as with pleasure.—With pride, for they are the materials of our gallant Navy, and the fortresses of our riflemen against invaders—With pleasure, not only as agreeable objects to the sight, but because they are associated with many amorous and chivalrous fancies, exploits in the chase, and adventures in the happy season of my youth.—

Our scenery does not include the ample City, nor any stupendous Work of Art.—We have not the rugged rock, nor the lofty mountain to entice our sight towards the clouds—level as the ocean is our land.—The eyes of the mariner, as he approaches, rest on a smooth horizon, and our shores at a short distance can scarcely be discovered above the crests of the waves that beat them.—How novel to the eye of a stranger who has gazed chiefly on irregularity and harshness!—

We have not the bounding Cataract, but we have the gentle rivulet winding through the green turf as silently as humble goodness progresses through the world—as secretly as true charity gives to the unfortunate.—

The terrible is absent from our fair portion of Earth's surface, but the beautiful, the graceful, the majestic and serene are happily associated. The forests of Europe show in almost every tree and shrub the busy hand of art, but ours are the wild exuberant productions of uncultivated nature.—The Oak, with its hoary beard of moss stands amidst surrounding trees like Nestor amidst the Grecian youths; and the sweet wild Jessamine, creeping in Spring over its branches, and blooming like cones of gold, present a beautiful

comparison between weakness and strength, and the ornamental and the useful.—But the pride of the forest is the tall Magnolia bearing the pure white emblem of honor, the queen of flowers.—The Pine is common.—Compared to the Laurel and to the Oak, it is as the useful yeoman to the warrior and statesman—yet it is beautiful!—straight as a soldier's lance, and terminating in a top of slender leaves, clustered like tassels—and at its base grow the humble Palmettoes, bending on slight stalks over their rugged roots, with grooved and angulated leaves, fit for the fans of Indian Queens.—These and other beautiful objects of the vegetable tribe are *not rare* in our Southern Country—they are innumerable.—At a single glance, the sight may comprise the tender emblems of love, materials for the military and the civic wreath; the proud Castle, and the gallant ship:—and if we cast our eyes towards earth for *minuter objects* to admire, where, might we ask, is the carpet of nature more rich and more variegated?—Shall we dwell only on this branch of God's exquisite works when other blessings are associated?—let our observations expand.—What sky is more clear than ours when it smiles!—What clouds more rich in bright and various colours, from that which bears the forked lightning and the whirlwind's wrath, to those as light as gossamer, that owe their glories to the setting Sun!—where is the air more soft—more fit to lull the senses to tranquility and tenderness?—And if we turn to the animate branches—the gallant buck with wide-spread horns and bounding hoof; the surly bear and the savage wolf; the rose-colored curlew; the humming bird, that gorgeous atom of Nature's jewelry; and the soaring Eagle, are but few of the choice creatures around us.

The liberal and enthusiastic will not condemn here a glance of Southern Character.—As free, as exuberant as the branching vine is the Southern generosity; as soft as the air is its courtesy; but as stern and unyielding as the native Oak when threats or injustice assail.—Man is rich in noble traits and personal graces—and Woman, the loveliest work of creation, is bewitchingly attractive in our *soul-heating* climate.—There are shapes here that a Praxiteles or a Phidias would love to copy, and that a Titian would prefer to those of his imagination.—The vermillion cheek is seldom seen—

but the dark speaking eye, and the arched ingenuous brow are superior fascinations, and express deep feelings and tenderness of heart.—The jetty ringlet is also an idol of the gazer.—Contrasted with the pale cheek it seems doubly black, and its gloss is more silvery than moonlight.—

Nature has indeed been bountiful to us—she has bestowed numerous objects for instruction, profit, and pleasure—and if we reflect, and use her gifts discreetly and industriously, we will seldom have cause to complain.—We have reason to be both happy and proud—happy in the enjoyment of great blessings, and proud to endure our proportion of evils with a firmness indicating a sincere reliance on the justice of God.—Let us smile therefore in our Eden, and remember that the evils associated show us its value, by contrast in a plainer light.—

Selected.

THE REVOLUTION OF TIME.

An Arabian Fable—the narrator supposed to have lived three thousand years.

‘I was passing,’ said Khidr, ‘a populous city, and I asked one of the inhabitants how long has this city been built?’ But he said, ‘This is an ancient city, we know not at what time it was built, neither we nor our fathers.’ Then I passed by, after five hundred years, and not a trace of the city was to be seen; but I found a man gathering herbs, and I asked, ‘How long has this city been destroyed?’—but he said, ‘The country has always been thus.’ And I said, ‘But there *was* a city here.’ Then he said, ‘We have seen no city here, nor have we heard of such from our fathers.’ After five hundred years I again passed that way, and found a lake, and met there a company of fishermen, and asked, ‘When did this land become a lake?’ and they said, ‘How can a man like you ask such a question?—The place was never other than it is.’ ‘But heretofore,’ said I, ‘it was dry land,’ and they said, ‘We never saw it so, nor heard of it from our fathers.’ Then again after five hundred years, I returned, and behold! the lake was dried up; and I met a solitary man, and said to him, ‘When did this spot become dry land?’ and he said ‘It was always thus.’ ‘But, formerly,’ I

said, 'it was a lake;' and he said, 'We never saw it, nor heard of it before.' And five hundred years afterwards I again passed by and again found a populous and beautiful city, and finer than I had at first seen it; and I asked of one of the inhabitants, 'When was this city built?' and he said 'Truly, it is an ancient place, we know not the date of its buildings, neither we nor our fathers.'

Selected.

THE SWISS TRAVELLER.

No. V.

Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori.

I SAID in a former number, that the virtues of a nation were never discovered but in difficult times. The weak piping time of peace is unfavourable to exertion. The energies of man are made to conform to scenes of tumult and disorder; they can only be measured by daring enterprise. Our natural propensity to indulgence riots in unrestrained luxury, until the splendour of martial achievement, and the glory of publick admiration, first rouse the sleeping ambition. Then is life given to the fanciful visions of a mind elevated to the task before it; then does the soul, strengthened by an unaccustomed vigour, look abroad for emprise and renown; then stalks forth the mighty genius of a people's greatness, with an influence as diffuse as the atmosphere, enlivening the generous emulation of every true born son, and assembling together the skilful and the brave, the hardy and the patient, for deeds of chivalry and romance. But years of repose may revolve to endless eternity; the scene will be dull and insipid. A transient glare of merit, vivid perhaps, but short lived, may occasionally vary the monotonous rotation, but all else will be intrigue, discontent, and luxury. Fine eyed genius will look for a moment with anxiety upon revolving events, but finding nothing congenial in this sluggish gloom, will decline his meditated flight, and return with others to the disgusting detail of scheming, grovelling ambition; or, scorning an association with those he must despise, will

retire indignant from the contention, to pass a life of obscurity and independence.

In the period of danger, the strongest passions of the breast are excited by the circumstances that surround us. The pride of rivalry is called out to bear with the boldest spirit; the pressure of the occasion, and the glory of seeing others dependent upon the measure we adopt, dispel the lethargick indolence of peace; and, as it makes the statesman inflexible in the cabinet, it carries the soldier through fire and smoke to the summit of victory. The shaggy lion reclining in his den, appears no greater than the lamb. The eagle is no more than the sparrow, until he rises amid the clashings of elements, to the regions of fire and thunder. The majesty of the ocean is seen in the contending storm. The virtuous man appears a thousand times more ennobled amid the conflicts of adversity. His powers are strengthened with the need that demands their exercise, and his grandeur grows proportionably transcendent.

America, after a peace of nearly thirty years duration, found her children somewhat enervated under an enjoyment, which had lasted almost too long for her prosperity, and she began to fear the corruption of older countries. Her subjects were denied the respect their fathers claimed; they knew not what were their resources beyond an overflowing treasury, and an increasing population. Their capability of resisting the tempest which, at some period or other, visits every nation, could only be estimated by the uncertainty of conjecture. They praised the valour of foreign heroes, and sung the glories of distant lands. The farmer smiled upon his abundant crops, and the merchant exulted at his crowded harbours; unacquainted with want, and allured by the serenity of peace, they wished not for glory. But the day did come to chasten and instruct. The fulfilment of time and the destiny of nations brought war to this asylum of peace. Not merely the distant war of maritime contest, nor border skirmishes that invite the venturesome spirit as to a tilt or tournament; but war pressing into the heart of the country with all its horrors, till it rejoiced round the fire-sheeted capital and the home of a president. Scarcely had the favourite bird dropped the olive-branch from his talons, and displayed his arrows, before he soared above the ocean, and

victory thundered beneath him; his far darting eye flashed upon the flag of Britain, and it drooped and fell from the mast-head. There was not even competition. The strife was the justice of David against the strength of Goliath. Fortune was in the breeze, by which these foundling colonies ascended on high to lead captivity captive, and the world gazed in absolute amazement, at the repetition of what could not depend upon chance, nor arise from aught but the chivalry of free-born heroes, prospering in the pleasure of the living God. How proud was that day for America, which was to swell the calendar of her gallantry, with an almost endless list of intrepid spirits, who proclaimed her glories at the cannon's mouth, over every sea; and added to the roar of the great cataract on her frontier, the rivalling echoes of victory! These are realities which in her fondest dreams she did not dare to expect, and which will teach the most impressive lesson to the lovers of peace.

The causes of war, whatever they may be, are always regarded in different lights, by different persons; prejudice lends her aid to fix a stigma upon the justest measure, wherever hopes have been disappointed, or expectations blasted. Assent of disapprobation may be expressed for the soundness of the policy. This contention I leave to those who are fond of discussion. I look to the moral consequences, and regard it as an effort of the national character. If it were only a contest upon a point of honour, I still should consider it with favour, because the effects would be the same, and the country's enthusiasm should be as great. For I sincerely believe that wars originate in a higher fiat than the declarations of man. I believe they are the agents of an Almighty providence, which disposes of the affairs of this world in conformity to a vast scheme of benefits, which the limits of human comprehension cannot embrace. They are always pregnant with good, and in the reasonableness of just calculation, they are the price we should pay for its enjoyment. America, as she must feel it to be such, must apply her wisdom to make every advantage of it. She has felt the privations of war: her citizens have become inured to camps: they have learned to watch the progress of an enemy without emotion, to meet him without dismay, and to die without fear. Defeat has taught her sagacity; practice has given her skill; con-

fidence has been followed with success. By repeated trials she has been enabled to separate the dross part of her dependence from the pure, and to stand in an unshaken attitude before the foe. She has spent some valuable blood, and much treasure; the property of many of her citizens has been desolated; her commerce has been stagnated; her resources crippled, and herself involved in heavy debts. Such are the ordinary evils and advantages of all wars. But let us look still farther. In every man's bosom glows a stronger attachment to his country: the perils he has encountered give a double value to this sentiment, and he cherishes it with the devotion of religion. The husbandman, between the handles of his plough, contemplates the high favour he enjoys in the possession of the annual produce of a soil for which he fought and bled. Every subject of the nation celebrates with rapture the glories of his country in the actions of some favoured hero. The records of the time transmit to posterity on a blazing page, the subjects of panegyric, and every heart throbs in most harmonious sympathy with one general, united, lively feeling of veneration for the country. Opinions of foreign origin, which a long peace had engendered and extended over every portion of the territory, are rendered disreputable; the productions of all other countries less favoured than our own, domestic virtues more admired, and domestic worth more proudly recognized. The surest road to national happiness is found in attachment to country. To promote an universal sentiment of patriotism, should be the great aim of every law-giver, because the most genial influence of the laws is derived from the affections of the people; what they approve from considerations of utility they will obey with exactness; what is suggested by the patriotism of the law-giver, will be cherished with fondness by patriotic subjects. Thus the great link which in all countries connects the happiness of the sovereign and subject, is the mutual esteem which exists between them; the unsuspecting confidence of virtuous men; a firm reliance on the integrity of both.

War is the touch-stone of merit. The capability of the man to withstand the shock of tempestuous times, is demonstrated by his deportment through the danger. If his reputation does survive the conflict, it appears like the gem which has undergone the ordeal,

more brilliant and more durable; like the cannon which has been proved, more fit for the battle. In the stern encounter, all minor geniuses sink from their ephemeral elevation into nothing, and the state is freed from its connexion with men who had only wit enough to become factious villains, or despicable minions. At the conclusion of a war, the cares of men are naturally directed to a reparation of those fortunes which inevitable neglect, or the ravages of the enemy, may have impaired. This is the season of industry; repose soon follows these efforts, and nothing of war is left but its remembrance—the sweetest remembrance which engages the attention of men: let those, who have the power, prolong this feeling; for in that remembrance is found a more agreeable substitute for the real existence of the war, and the greatest stimulus to honourable action. “My father fell, on board the *Constitution*,” would cry the tar of a future day, while he prepared for fight. The tear of memory would steal down his cheek, and his father’s spirit would conduct the animated son to victory and triumph. The memory of heroes of the present day, will enliven the dormant spirit of future Americans; and the hallowed emulation of a patriot would lead on American armies to a successful resistance of the proudest band that could be sent against them. Americans, where are your warriors who have already fallen? Are they lost in the envelope of the tomb? Or does their better part still live in memory? Does not the sainted spirit of your romantick Pike, present itself before your admiring vision, rolled in the banner of your conquered enemy? Shall your Lawrence be forgotten? Fame tells the story of his death with sorrow. Happy hero! he has received the condolence of his friends and his enemies. Pardon me, respected shade, thou hadst no enemies. It was thy country’s foe bewailed thy loss, as sincerely as thy country’s friend. Expiring in a hostile land, a foeman’s veneration was reserved to thee. Great was the sacrifice thou madest, and worthy the fairest nation on the globe. Thine was the self devotion of a Roman soldier, and the greatness of an American. While I close thy obsequies, let not the kindred virtue of Columbia’s Ludlow be neglected. Venerated spirits, may the course ye have winged to heaven be ever clear and bright above your country’s head: may thy protecting forms,

with those into whose presence ye have flown, still hover round the altar of your Independence, and when your country's youth are animated with that ardour which carried you to glory, may their most enraptured accents, be devoted to the memory of Pike, of Lawrence, and of Ludlow.

'Tis a tribute I owe to merit wherever it is found, at least to drop one tear to its excellence. I claim here that privilege.—I am not alone—I have a nation's feelings on my side, and I ask a nation's sympathy.

SIDNEY.

THE DERANGED CABINET.

The fat knight of the buck-basket was wont, in his merry humours, to boast, that he was not only witty in himself, but "the cause that wit is in other men." The *dis*-*"unit"*-*ed* "unit" may, with quite as much truth as it ever came from the lips of Sir John, appropriate a part, at least, of this vaunt to *themselves*—we trust that no critic will object to our using the pronoun *plural* in the present case, since, *singular* as it may seem, this "unit," the root of numbers, like many other roots, *not* arithmetical, has *multiplied* itself, by shooting forth several, distinct, *branches* and ramifications. —We say, they may apply to themselves, with great propriety, a part of "honest Jack's self commendation: if not *witty in themselves*, they certainly have been "the cause" of much wit "in other men"—they have served as flint and steel in the hands of all the wags in the country, who, by *striking them against each other*, have produced many a brilliant scintillation, which could never have been supposed to be *in them* but for such forcible collision. If ever our leisure shall serve, we shall endeavour to make a collection of the "good things" which sparkle in our daily journals, and offer them for the amusement of our readers under the head of

"Unit"-ana, or *Cabinet Wagbery*. In the mean time, we proceed with our unfinished remarks on "the resignations" and their "causes."

We have seen the reasons assigned, respectively, by Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Eaton, for retiring from the councils of the President; and we have seen, that they were not only essentially different in themselves, but, whether true or fictitious, that they offered nothing which could be taken as a rule of conduct, for the other members of the Cabinet. Neither Mr. Ingham nor Mr. Branch had been named as General Jackson's "successor," and, therefore, neither of them had any "*self-disfranchisement*" to dread, as the consequence of remaining in office. Neither of them, as it appears, entered the Cabinet contrary to *his own* wishes, however it might have been contrary to the wishes of others; and neither of them "cherished a determination," *ever since he entered it*, "to retire." The reasons, then, which brought conviction to the mind of Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Eaton, that it was their "*duty*" to dequantitate the "Unit," by subtracting themselves from its rate, were of no force when applied to the *other* ciphers; and Mr. Ingham, it seems, was decidedly of the same opinion. His letter to the President, dated 18th April, 1831, shows Mr. Ingham in a new light, and gives us a better opinion of his character and intellect than we thought it possible we could ever entertain. It is really a masterpiece of sarcastic humour—neat, simple, brief, and epigrammatic;—but let it speak for itself:—

"SIR: In communicating to me, this morning, the information of the resignation of the Secretary of State and Secretary of War, together with the reasons which had induced the former to take this step, you were pleased to observe that this proceeding was made known to me as one of those whom you had associated with you in the administration of the Government, and you suggested that I would, after a few days reflection, have a further conversation with you on this subject. But, in recurring to the brief remarks made at the time, as well as to the letter of resignation of the Secretary of State, which you were good enough to submit for my perusal, I have not been able to ascertain what particular matter was intended to be proposed for my reflection, as connected with this

event. Under these circumstances, and being desirous of avoiding the possibility of misapprehension, as to your views, I would respectfully inquire whether the measure adopted by the Secretary of State and of War, is deemed to involve considerations on which you expect a particular communication from me, and, if so, of what nature.

I have the honor to be, respectfully,

Your ob't servant,

S. D. INGHAM.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE U. S.

It was on the 8th of April that the President *accepted* the resignation of Mr. Eaton. He had *then*, of course, *if not before*, determined *entirely to renew his cabinet*. Indeed, he tells Mr. Ingham, in reply to his *second* letter, which we shall presently have occasion to notice, that when the "*conclusion was come to*," to accept the resignations of the Secretary of State and Secretary of War "*it was accompanied with [by] a conviction*" that he must have "*a cabinet composed of entirely new materials*." From this letter of Mr. Ingham, we learn, that it was not until, *at least ten days* after the "*conclusion was come to*," in the case of the Secretary of War, that the President communicated to the Secretary of the Treasury, either the information of the resignation, the fact of its acceptance, or the conviction that accompanied it. This delay, on the part of the President, to make known, to those who were so nearly concerned in it, the *resolution* he had "*come to*," with its *accompanying conviction*, must have had some *motive*, which is no where explained in the correspondence, with either of the secretaries. What was that motive?—During the whole period that intervened, between the date of Mr. Eaton's resignation and the date of Mr. Ingham's first letter to the President, the Jackson papers in the interest of Van Buren, (or the "*Van Buren-Jacksonites*" as they are called—for, without the help of new names it would be impossible to designate the various factions into which "*the republican party*" has been lately *cut up*—) were filled with *hints* to Mr. Ingham that the President wished him to resign. These hints appeared in every possible form of authenticity—some coaxing, some threatening. No doubt was entertained, by any body, that the President had really expressed, to more than one of his *Anti-Calhoun* fol-

lowers, an anxious desire to get rid of Mr. Ingham. It was believed to be by his authority, and at his request, that many of the paragraphs, touching the subject, appeared in papers, widely distant from each other, and from the seat of government. He had the weakness to believe, that these paragraphs would excite either the fears or the resentment of Mr. Ingham, and that the natural consequence of either would be his resignation. But the Secretary's stoicism was proof against all the "little magician's" *management*—he shut his eyes and his ears, to all the "extracts of letters from Washington," the "*on-dits*," and "unquestionable authorities," that poured upon him from all quarters of the compass, and held fast the exchequer, laughing in his sleeve at the dilemma to which his obstinacy must reduce the "little magician." Mr. Ingham knew perfectly well that he could neither benefit himself, nor the object of "his ulterior preference," by a *voluntary* resignation—there was a *chance*, that the enemies of both might be embarrassed by the necessity of *forcing* him to resign. Seeing the vanity of all attempts to work upon the passions of this imperturbable philosopher by extraneous influence, the President, at last, determined to commence closer operations; and on the 18th of April, he informed him that the Secretary of State and Secretary of War had resigned, communicated to him "the reasons which had induced the former to take this step," put into his hands, moreover, "the letter of resignation"—which, we take it for granted, contained "the reasons"—and "suggested" that Mr. Ingham "would, *after a few days reflection*, have a further conversation with [him], on the subject." Now, supposing this to be all as it ought to be—consistent with "that frankness which has always characterised" the "Greatest and Best,"—why was not the same thing done on the *eighth* of April, the day on which, according to the evidence before us, the "conclusion was come to" to accept Mr. Eaton's resignation? And why, when, at last, on the *eighteenth* of April, the President determined to give Mr. Ingham information of the resignations, did he not *then* tell him, *frankly*, that he wished him to follow the "example" which he laid before him? To these questions, there can be but one answer, and that will be readily found, in the President's consciousness, that his power and popularity were rapidly receding from him, and

that he dared not further to provoke the spirit which had been excited by the Vice President's pamphlet. From the 8th to the 18th of April, he continued to *hope*, that some manœuvre or intrigue, "more lucky than the rest," would have its due effect and save him from collision with the Secretary of the Treasury: even on the 18th, when he put into Mr. Ingham's hands the "little magician's" letter, (after communicating to him all "the reasons" which it contained—) he still cherished "a kind of bastard hope," that Mr. Ingham would, Othello like, deem it his "hint to speak." The conduct of the Secretary on this occasion was worthy of all admiration—it would have done honor to Zeno himself—and entitles him, at least, to be crowned the Prince of *Politicians* and *Diplomatists*. He listened to his chief, as we may suppose, with all due respect and in *silence*: "a few days *reflection*" had been "suggested" to him, and it would have been the height of *bad taste* to have opened his lips on the impulse of the moment. He smiled, and bowed, no doubt, in all due seeming, pocketed "the letter" and "the reasons," and humbly took his leave. "But," says he, as soon as he had gained his own desk, and found a *pen* to suit him, "in recurring to the brief remarks made at the time, as well as to the letter of resignation of the Secretary of State, which you were *good enough* to submit for my perusal, *I have not been able to ascertain what particular matter was intended to be proposed for my reflection* as connected with this event." Excellent! I see the trap! said Mr. Ingham, and am too old to be caught! "For surely in vain is the snare spread in the sight of any bird!"—But capital as is this taunt of the Secretary, his next stroke is still better. He affects to think it possible that the President, in the usual way of business, had *referred* the Secretary of State's letter to him, as a document upon which he wanted an *Official Report*! What a pity it is, Mr. Ingham did not act upon this idea, and prepare an elaborate "Report," to be submitted to Congress with the next winter's Budget! "I would *respectfully* inquire whether the measure adopted by the *Secretary of State and of War*, is deemed to involve considerations on which you *expect a particular communication from me*." There is more meaning in this "than meets the eye," as the saying is—there is certainly an "innuendo," couched under the ellipsis by

which he gives the *two* departments to *one* Secretary. Mr. Ingham knew that the "Unit," to *which* he was writing, was a *Grammarian*, he must have been therefore too much upon his guard to let a *blunder* escape him : what he *says*, he no doubt *designed* to say. But can it be possible? Did Mr. Ingham really believe that "the Secretary of State," "managed" also the department "of War?" And did he, by that little, apparently careless, figure of speech, mean to insinuate that Martin Van Buren was the head and front, the original and spring, of "the measure?"—There is matter for deep reflection here, which may serve another occasion.

The President, it seems, did not choose to commit himself by a *written* reply to this letter—or, what would be more *characteristic*, he probably did commit himself so far, in a written reply to it, that the "Unit" would not permit him to send it—and, throwing it into the fire, he "invited" the Secretary to an "interview," so that it is only from Mr. Ingham's second letter, we gather the nature of the reply given to his first. It appears, then, that Mr. Ingham accepted the invitation to an interview, and that the President, having at length abandoned his faith in the efficacy of the "management" which had been set in motion, reassumed "that frankness which has always characterized" him, and came out with "a distinct expression of" his "wish," that the Secretary would resign. This, it seems, was all that Mr. Ingham waited for. It placed his "*retirement* on its true ground"—that is, it took it out of the sphere of his own choice, and rendered it imperative.

Though we do not admire this second epistle of the Secretary so much as we did the first, because of its hypocritical cant and "blarney," still there are some things in it that could not be better said. His "justification" of himself, "for not following the example of the Secretary of State and Secretary of War, in making a *voluntary* tender of the *resignation*," is particularly worthy of notice—"I was wholly *unconscious*," says he, "of the *application*, to myself, of any of the reasons, so far as I was apprised of them, which had induced them to withdraw from the public service." The letters do not *say*, that Mr. Ingham had been made acquainted with "the reasons," which induced the Secretary of War to resign, but there can be no doubt that he had heard them, if not from

the President, from some other authentic source; and, therefore, we may conclude, that the singular phrase which he chose to employ—"so far as I was apprised of them"—had some other allusion than to the omission, (if, indeed, there were any,) on the part of the President, to put into his hands the letter of Mr. Eaton, along with that of Mr. Van Buren. There are several ways in which the expression may be very fairly interpreted—Mr. Ingham may have intended to say, (what a great many others have said,) that though he had read the letter of the Secretary of State, and reflected upon it, he had been unable to comprehend it, and therefore could not presume to say, that he was "apprised" of *all* his "reasons" for resigning:—or, he may have intended to insinuate, ("innuendo")—that he *did*, perfectly understand the "little magician's" letter, and knew that it did *not* contain "*any* of the reasons," which had influenced him to write it:—or, he may have designed to say to the President, "Sir! I have been all along perfectly aware of the *humbug* you have unworthily practised upon me—you *knew*, at the time you put the magician's letter into my hand, that it contained no reason for resigning, which could apply to me, and that I should not be fool enough to permit *his* "example to weigh a feather with me; if you had *honestly avowed* your wish to get rid of me, you might have saved yourself much mortification, and me the trouble of writing this letter."—Or, supposing him to have been really not "apprised" of the reasons which had been assigned by the Secretary of War—he may have meant, by a delicate hint, to remind the President, that, *frank* as he professed to be, he had not been *full* in his disclosures.—One, or all, of these meanings may have been hidden in the expressive phrase above quoted. But, unless we are greatly mistaken in the "signs of the times," another "Book" will be forthcoming—perhaps before our printer shall have "set up" this manuscript—in which *things will be called by their right names*, and many of the dark passages in this quadrangular correspondence illustrated.—

We come now to Mr. Branch, last, and least as it would seem, in the consideration of the President. It was not until the 19th of April, after he had succeeded in driving the Secretary of the Treasury from the ground, that he thought it worth while to hold an

"interview" with the Secretary of the Navy on the subject—and to make it a *memorable* epoch to this "thinking" gentleman, he had the cruelty to fix upon a day of domestic festivity and joy—a *wedding day* in the family—as the Papers of the time and place have recorded. It was a savage act, on the part of the President, to choose such a time to disclose his "fixed purpose"—having already kept the secret from him for *eleven days*, he might surely have delayed the communication a day or two longer, without injury to the public service—*any day but that!* Mr. Branch's letter gives some evidence that his mind was not altogether unembarrassed—it was divided between two important subjects of cogitation: but it is so short, that we shall give it entire:—

WASHINGTON, *April 19th, 1831.*

To the President of the United States.

SIR: In the interview which I had the honor to hold with you this morning, I understood it to be your fixed purpose to re-organize your cabinet; and that as to myself, it was your wish that I should retire from the administration of the Navy Department.

Under these circumstances I take pleasure in tendering to you the commission which, unsolicited on my part, you were pleased to confer on me.

I have the honor to be, with great respect,

Yours, &c.

JOHN BRANCH.

Brief as it is, nothing could be more *full*:—to make the resignation sure, he sends back the bit of parchment, which expressed the President's "especial trust and confidence" in his high qualifications for the office of Secretary. He *takes pleasure* in doing this, too! but "therein we doubt." This *mode* of resignation, however, ample, explicit, and irrevocable as it was, did not prove satisfactory to the President; but he does not, as in the case of Mr. Ingham's first letter, invite Mr. B. to an "interview"—he writes to him; and writes to him as he probably would have done to a little boy, whom he had occasion to soothe after treading on his toes. "Keep your sheep-skin, my little fellow—that is your own *property*—no one

has a right to take *that* from you—all I want is the *oyster*, you may have the *shell* and welcome—but, my good little *Jacky*! I beg you wont think I wanted *yourself* to leave my house—Oh no! I only wanted the *unit* of Rats to go, of which, you know, you are *one*—So dont be in a pet, my good *Jacky*! but take back your letter and let me have *another*.”

It is manifest, the President never dreamed that either of these two first letters would appear *in print*—they throw such an air of ridicule over the subsequent correspondence, that the reader cannot avoid looking upon the whole as a scene between “Mr. Noodle and Mr. Doodle!” Mr. Branch sticks to his text however, and repeats that he correctly understood “the *substance*,” though he might not have quoted the “*language*” of the President’s “*conversation*”—In this we think every body must agree with Mr. Branch: if the conversation had any “*substance*” in it, it was certainly to be found in the expression of the wish, that Mr. B. “should retire from the administration of the Navy Department.” Indeed the President admits that he did express this wish, even at the moment he is denying it; and the *exception* which he *takes leave* to make to the expression in Mr. B.’s letter, is too contemptible even to be ludicrous. But Mr. Branch had no disposition to hold an argument with a man as to the meaning of his own words—he is ready to “stand corrected” and to “*cheerfully* accept the interpretation which” the President gives to his “own expression.” What a reproof was this to the President, who, but a little while before, had not only maintained a long and virulent dispute with the Vice President on the proper interpretation of the latter’s own language, but had actually discarded him from a confidence and friendship of fifteen years standing, because he dared to assert a different understanding of words used by himself, and of which the law, as well as usage, decency, and common sense, make him the rightful interpreter! If Mr. Branch intended this hit at the “*Greatest and Best*,” it proves that he is not the *cipher* he has been taken for, and that when properly roused he is not afraid to measure swords even with a “hero.”

And now that we have seen all that the four Secretaries thought fit to allege, in justification of the farce they have enacted before

the world, let us examine a little more particularly the sentiment of the great Cabinet-maker himself on the extraordinary exhibition.——

It will be remembered that Mr. Eaton's letter of resignation is dated the "7th April, 1831"—The President's answer to this letter is dated the 8th. "*Dear Sir: Your letter of yesterday was received, and I have carefully considered it. When you conversed with me the other day, on the subject of your withdrawing from the Cabinet, I expressed to you a sincere desire that you would well consider of it; for, however reluctant I am to be deprived of your services, I cannot consent to retain you contrary to your wishes, and inclination to remain, &c. &c.*"—A paragraph of, what is figuratively called, "*soft soap*," follows; and the letter closes thus:—"I will avail myself of the earliest opportunity to obtain some *qualified* friend to succeed you; and, *until then*, I must *solicit* that the acceptance of your resignation be *deferred*." Here is not a word about *reorganizing* his "*Cabinet, proper*," or Cabinet, *improper*. His "*conclusion*" was certainly "*come to*," and after *careful consideration*, "*to accept*" the resignation of the Secretary of War, but it does not appear to have been "*accompanied with the conviction*" which he afterwards assures Mr. Ingham and Mr. Branch, was coetaneous with that conclusion. There was a previous *conversation*, it seems, between the President and Mr. Eaton, "*on the subject*," at which there cannot be a doubt that the little magician *assisted*;—to use a French term. It was at that time, and in the course of that conversation, the "*conclusion was come to*," to "*reorganize*" the "*Cabinet, proper*;" and it was immediately after this *conversation*, and before his letter of resignation was written, that Mr. Eaton opened the bag and let the cat out to amuse "*the family circle*." There never was a more barefaced, insolent, attempt to abuse the credulity of the people, than this contemptible intrigue, on the part of the President and two of his Secretaries, for no other ostensible object than to get rid of two functionaries, dependent on the will of the President, and whose "*official*" existence it was in his power to destroy at a breath. What has become of all that fearless, straight-forward honesty of purpose, which was to make up, in the Military Chieftain, for the want of all other qua-

fications? What *honest* motive could have influenced him to pursue a dark, circuitous, secret path, to an object which he might have reached at a single step, by a bold, candid, and manly expression of his pleasure?

The letter of the 12th April, to "Martin Van Buren, Secretary of State," after four days further and more careful consideration of "the subject," does not throw a single ray of additional light upon it. The offered resignation is accepted; but there is not the smallest evidence of any *accompanying conviction*, that the whole Cabinet must be "reorganized." It has been said, that this letter was written by the same hand that wrote the one to which it is a reply—whether this be true or false, we neither know nor care: the letters are certainly worthy of each other, and could only have sprung from congenial minds. Both may have been written by Mr. Van Buren, or both may have been the joint production of a Council, in which, it is quite probable, the President had nothing to say or do but to subscribe his name. It is enough for the people, that it bears his name, and that he is thus responsible for all that it contains. The fulsome, emetical adulation, with which he bedaubs the Secretary, and which fills up the greater part of a long letter, we shall notice no further than to say, that it is not less undignified and degrading in him who uses it, than unmerited by him to whom it is addressed—*irridiculum ambo*. But there are other matters in the letter, which demand a more dilated criticism. He says: "When called by my country to the station which I occupy, it was not without a deep sense of its arduous responsibilities, and a strong distrust of myself, that I obeyed the call; but, cheered by the consciousness that *no other motive actuated me*, than a desire to guard her interests, and to place her upon the firm ground of *those great principles*, which by the wisest and purest of our patriots, have been deemed *essential to her prosperity*, I ventured upon the trust assigned me."

The affected humility of this sentence, in the mouth of one whose every act has been marked with an arrogance unequalled except by Milton's "Hero," is as disgusting as the "motive" he assigns for *obeying the call of his country* is hypocritical. Such language might have passed in his inaugural speech, and answered its

purpose of deception; but it is too late now to boast of a *desire to guard the interests of his country*, after two years' administration of its affairs. In his letter to the Vice President of the 30th May 1830, he says, and says truly, that "motives are to be inferred from actions." Understanding so well the force of this apothegm when applied to another, why boast the purity of *his own* "motives," when *his own* "actions" are before the world to speak for themselves? Because he felt "the consciousness" that, if his motives were left to be *inferred from his actions*, a construction must necessarily be put upon them, widely different from that which he assumes. *What are the great principles which the wisest and purest of our patriots have deemed essential to the prosperity of the country?*—Freedom of opinion, liberty of speech, equality of political rights, the protection of domestic industry, the promotion of harmony and union among our several communities by establishing and encouraging easy means of intercourse:—these are *some* of the "great principles" which "our patriots," from the foundation of the government to the unhappy era of "reform," have made it their business and their delight to encourage, protect, and cherish—not by idle, unmeaning, hypocritical *professions*, but by a constant, undeviating, vigorous course of *practice*. How has this assumer of "motives" proved *his* right to name *himself* among "the wisest and purest of our patriots?"—How has *he* shown his "desire to guard" these great "interests," and to place his country "on the firm ground of these great principles?"—By punishing citizens for exercising the right of opinion and speech—by proscribing every man of sufficient spirit and independence to entertain opinions different from his own—by sacrificing general rights to pamper "the *Monster, Party*"—by refusing to encourage the industry of the country, and interposing his *Veto* to check the progress of internal improvement. Could these "actions" have sprung from the "motive" which *he* assigns to them? The Charity that "believeth all things," would hesitate to believe *that*. Supposing him to have made no vaunt of the *purity* of his "motive," what would be the plain, natural, and unavoidable *inference*, from such "actions?"—That he had "obeyed the call" of his country, not from "a desire to guard her interests"—which were already in hands as willing as they were competent to

take care of them—but from bloated ambition, from a vain glorious “desire,” to sit in the high places, to possess the means of gratifying his natural lusts of power and revenge. If “motives are to be inferred from actions,” there surely cannot be an individual in the country so stupid, or so infatuated, as to admit, that honesty of purpose could have directed the course of administration for the last two years. In the face of such a course, to talk of his pure motives, and the great principles of the sages and patriots who preceded him, is a direct insult to the people—an audacity of hypocrisy, which shows an utter contempt for the understanding of his countrymen; and his countrymen will deserve that contempt, not from him only but from the world, if they do not visit upon him his own system of “Reform.”

But let us hear him further:—“I did this” says he—[that is, *obeyed the call of his country, and accepted the Presidency*—“in the confident hope of finding the support of advisers, able and true; who laying aside every thing but a desire to give new vigor to the vital principles of our Union, would look with a single eye to the best means of effecting this paramount object. *In you* this hope has been realized to the utmost. In the most difficult and trying moments of my administration, I have always found *you sincere, able, and efficient*—anxious at all times to afford me every aid.” Now, if there were nothing in this but flattery of Mr. Van Buren, palpable and gross as it is, we should leave it, to make sport for those who are disposed to laugh at the weakness and vanity of poor human nature; but in the compliment to his Secretary of State, there is an implied charge, against *others* of his Cabinet—a *confession*, that he has not found them *all* “sincere, able, and efficient:” and this charge and this confession, are made at the very moment when *the people are told*, by the chosen “organ” of his sentiments and its “affiliated Presses,” that *there never was a more able Cabinet*—that the *President’s confidence in its members were unlimited*—and that the rumour of contemplated changes in it, was the *fabrication of the enemies of the Administration!*—can there be a stronger proof of hypocrisy?—of a “fixed purpose” to blind and deceive the people of this Union?

Again: speaking of “the State of things” to which Mr. Van Bu-

ren in his letter is supposed to "advert," he says: "it is, however, but an instance of *one of the evils* to which free governments must ever be liable. The *only remedy* for these evils, as they arise, lies in the *intelligence and public spirit* of our common constituents. *They will correct them*—and in this there is abundant consolation."

—To say nothing of the Anti-republican sentiment, that free inquiry into the conduct of public servants, and exercise of the right to express an "*ulterior preference*" in the choice of a "successor" to the incumbent, are "*evils*" of "free governments," here is a direct admission, that, at the moment of writing this letter, he had not arrived at "the conviction," that resignation of two of his "advisers" involved the necessity of a total change of his Cabinet. He seemed to think *then* that there was *another* "remedy," and in the confident assurance that *that* "remedy" would "correct" the "*evils*," he professes to find "abundant consolation." The intelligence and public spirit of our common constituents will correct them! Bah!—What he means by "*our common constituents*," referring to his Secretary of State and himself, is more than we are able to comprehend—he, alone, was the *constituent* of the Secretary: the *People*, God knows! had nothing to do with *constituting* any part of his Cabinet—*ipsi laus fuit, sua sit culpa*. But if he had then so much faith in the remediate virtue of the intelligence and public spirit of the people, why did he afterwards take the correction out of their hands into his own? We must look for the explanation in his "*Circular*" to Messrs. Ingham and Branch—

"Under the circumstances in which I found myself, I could not but perceive the propriety of selecting a cabinet composed of entirely new materials, as being calculated, in this respect at least, to command public confidence and satisfy public opinion."

So then, after all, the dissolution of the Cabinet was necessary, in order to "*satisfy public opinion*!" But when was *this* "conclusion come to?" Was it in the *interval* between the date of his letter to Mr. Van Buren and that of the "*Circular*" before us? No! this cannot be: for he says to Mr. Van Buren, "*I am aware of the difficulties you have had to contend with*"—"Of the state of things to which you advert, I *can* but be fully aware"—Indeed,

as he admits, it was not possible he could be blind to the fact, that the public had lost all confidence in his Cabinet; but seeing this, how shall we reconcile his pretended deference for "public opinion," with his continuing to hold that Cabinet, until it "dissolved in its own weakness!" Why did he not break it up, and cast its rotten "materials" back, into the purifying mass of the people, the moment he found that it was not "calculated" to "command public confidence and satisfy public opinion?" But it is manifest, that the President uses the word "*public*" in a very *limited* signification—*his own*, and Martin Van Buren's, *partisans*, are all that he includes in the term; and when he talks of composing a cabinet of "new materials" in order to "command *public* confidence and satisfy *public* opinion," the meaning is plainly this—since Mr. Van Buren has left the Cabinet, and left it altogether in the hands of his adversaries, it is certain that *his friends* will no longer be *satisfied* with it, and to please *them*, it becomes "indispensable" to select "entirely new materials," who may be "calculated" to command, "at least," *their* "confidence." It is not credible, that he was actuated by respect for "public opinion," in its legitimate, general sense; for he tells Mr. Van Buren, "I part with *you only because you yourself* have requested me to do so." The "public," then, might have called upon him, in vain, to dismiss his Secretary of State, the artful "manager" of the farce, the acknowledged attraction of all the assaults upon his Cabinet, the original disturber of its harmony;—here is an avowal that he would not have "obeyed the call," if the Secretary himself had not requested him "to do so!"—This is respect for "public opinion" with a vengeance! but what is more, it is confirmation—if confirmation were wanted—that he was so hooked in by the wires of the little magician's complex machinery, as to be obliged to move as he touched the spring. He would not part with him to "satisfy public opinion,"—nothing but *his own request*, could have "severed" "hearts so closely knit!" And yet he has the shameless effrontery, to tell the other members of the Cabinet, even while he affects, "with *great pleasure*," to "bear testimony to the *integrity and zeal* with which" they "have managed" the respective concerns of their several offices, and to "have been ful-

ly satisfied" with the manner in which they severally discharged *all their duties*,—that he is *compelled* to select "entirely new materials," from a regard to "public opinion!"—He had heard of the old adage, That "a *new broom sweeps clean*," and remembering the shouts and hurras that followed him, while he was himself a *new material*, he takes it for granted, that "a Cabinet composed of entirely new materials," would be "calculated, *in this respect at least*, to command public confidence"—that is, *in respect of its being new!* We trust he will find his estimate of the good sense of the people of the United States rather below the truth—he may "command" their *attraction*, by periodical *renewals* of his Cabinet, but their "confidence" is another thing, not to be won by *novelty* alone.

But respect for public opinion, whether true or feigned, is not the only reason he assigns to the discarded portion of his Cabinet, for selecting entirely new materials. He has the *frankness* to tell these gentlemen that *their sacrifice* "became necessary," in order to guard the reputation of Messrs. Van Buren and Eaton, from "unjust misconceptions and malignant misrepresentations!" He *permits* these "to retire," and then coolly *ejects* the others, as a rear-guard in their retreat!—If ever such a farce was enacted before, in any country, it has certainly not fallen to our lot to see its history. We no longer wonder, that the public Press has found it difficult to treat the subject with any degree of seriousness. To read the correspondence with gravity is impossible; and to hope to reach, by any labour of criticism, a plausible explanation of its meaning or its motives, even with the numerous "official" glosses which have appeared to assist the inquirer, is idle and fruitless.—But will the honest, plain-dealing, citizens of the United States, continue to be satisfied with an administration, that they must either laugh at or despise? They should reflect, that, in the eyes of other nations, and in history, they will be in some measure identified with the rulers of their country, and that contempt cannot light upon the one, without bringing degradation upon the other. A short time will afford them the opportunity of expressing their sentiments. The events of the last two years, cannot have failed to open their eyes to the delusion under which they were induced

to elevate a mere soldier, to a dignity due only to a Statesman : they have now cancelled the supposed obligation of gratitude, and they are again free to choose as reason, judgment, and patriotism may dictate.

For the National Magazine.

AULD LANG SYNE;

OR,

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN OCTAGENARIAN.

A TALE.

CHAPTER III.

"As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure."

As the two friends threaded the winding allies of the neglected pleasure-ground, overgrown with rank and poisonous weeds, and darkened by the thick foliage of vines that now, in their turn, upheld the shattered trestles of bowers that once supported them, my grandfather stopped for a moment, irresolute whether to ensure his safety by a sudden retreat, or to pursue the adventure to an end. The secret manner in which they had gained entrance into the grounds, the gloom of the castle as it was dimly seen through intervening branches of untrimmed lilacs and viburnums, and the desolate appearance of all around, which more resembled the haunt of banditti, or the favorite rendezvous of Jacobite rebels, than the residence of peace and innocence, were sufficient to excuse the transient doubt which again sprung up in the mind of Meadowdale as to the true character or purpose of his friend. Whatever might be the nature of the scene to which Seton was introducing him, there was an appearance of mystery and concealment

in the manner, abhorrent to all his notions of right and propriety. His first idea was, that Seton was in some way or other connected with some of the rebellious clans, who still adhered to the unfortunate family of Stuart, and that he was now leading him to an assembly of their chiefs; but this suspicion was discarded as soon as formed—their meeting had been unexpected and purely accidental: was it likely that he would venture to entrust a stranger with a knowledge of the secret haunt and deliberations of men in arms against the government, without having previously given them notice of his intention?—He might, in mere playfulness of disposition, design to put a surprize upon his mother and sister, as he had hinted: but was it right in *him*, a total stranger, thus unceremoniously to intrude upon their privacy, and forfeit the little claim he might have to their politeness and hospitality?

While these reflections were passing rapidly through his mind, and before he could determine whether it would be most prudent to stop short or go on, his young friend, who preceded him a few steps, in order, perhaps, as much that he might give some little notice that a stranger was approaching as to pilot the way, turned suddenly, and exclaimed—“Ah! I thought we should find them here! Come, my friend! another jump or two, and we shall clear this tangled path—there, are the ladies, I see, both at work in the garden, as I expected.”—This address completely roused Meadowdale from his reverie, and he sprang forward in an instant to the side of the speaker. At a little distance before him he perceived, what had hitherto been concealed by the weeds and bushes, a light, low palisade enclosing an extensive area, which seemed to be tastefully arranged and in a state of high cultivation. The area formed a square, two sides of which were screened by a thick shrubbery, similar to that into which the postern, through which they had entered, opened, and which, as it appeared, followed the course of the wall along its whole extent; the neglected ground upon which the friends stood, formed the rear line of the garden—on the fourth side, it was separated from the chateau by an extensive, paved, court. My grandfather cast his eye in the direction to which Seton pointed, and saw two females, not, indeed, as he had repre-

sented them, *hard at work*, but looking with apparent surprise and curiosity towards the intruders. Near them, stood an old man, in the garb of a highlander, leaning upon a garden spade; and, at a little distance, one of the lower order of females, who appeared to have been engaged in hoeing a large bed of kale. Seton's voice had been, with that view, no doubt, loud enough to reach the ears of the whole party; and whatever had been the occupation of the two ladies, they had time to throw off all appearance of embarrassment, if they felt any, and to prepare for the reception of a visiter. A wicket, secured only by a wooden latch, let the two friends into the garden, and before my grandfather could utter three words of his intended remonstrance against being made the involuntary participater in such a breach of decorum, Seton had announced him to his mother as the friend of whom she had so often heard him speak—"the only man in the world," he continued, "whom I would have dared to introduce to you through the *back door*." It was evident, from the manner in which the lady received and welcomed the companion of her son, that she had been prepared by his previous representations, to regard him as worthy of her esteem. She extended her hand with hospitable cordiality, saying, "your name and character have been long known to me, Mr. Meadowdale—and I rejoice in the opportunity afforded me of showing how much I respect one whom my son calls *friend*"—a slight shade of melancholy clouded, for an instant, the smile with which she added: "he has given you the strongest evidence of his regard for you, as well as of his influence with me, in the surprise he has practised upon us—we might have given you a more ceremonious reception, but certainly not a more hearty welcome, had your entrance been heralded with the usual ringing of the castle gates."

The young lady was next introduced with something of more formality, and the party retired from the garden to the house.—Three entire pages of the Journal of my grandfather, from which these particulars are taken, are here filled with a description of the castle, furniture and inmates; but as this would have but little interest at the present day, when such descriptions have been rendered familiar to every reader in the magic pages of Sir Walter,

I shall skip over the greater part of it, and come at once to that which has an immediate connexion with the subject in hand—namely, the introduction of my grandmother to the reader.

It has often been said, that matches are made in heaven. I have no doubt that many of them are; and quite as little, that some of them are made, in the other place—At least, I have seen, in the course of my pilgrimage, a match, here and there, that had a strong odour of gunpowder, the principal material of which is said to abound, in a place which it would not be polite to name in the presence of ladies. Be this as it may, it would be as degenerate as it would be impious in me, to doubt that the hand of Providence placed that of Alice Seton in my grandfather's, and for some wise purpose led her in due time, by a natural course of events, to become my grandmother. What Alice Seton was, at the period when a concurrence of fortuitous incidents seated her and Edward Meadowdale together in the great hall of Glencuddie, there is no contemporary record that I know of to show except the Journal already mentioned; for, though I have two pictures of her in my possession, the one was taken while she was an infant, asleep in her mother's lap, and the other represents her as holding *me* in the same position, so that it would be very-unfair to judge from either the power of her charms in their opening bloom.

That I may not be suspected of exaggerating or paraphrasing the description given by my grandfather of his Highland lassie, in her eighteenth year, I shall here transcribe a few of his superlatives, that those of my fair readers who understand the original may detect me, if my version should be found to be unauthorized. I am not certain, but I think, it was his custom to sit up every night, and complete his journal of the day, before he retired to rest—if this were the case, there is good reason to believe that he did not allow himself many hours of sleep, on the night that followed his introduction to the family of his friend Seton, for most people would think it a good day's work even to copy all that he composed on that occasion. It is very evident, that the first glance of the fair Alice accomplished what no other glance had been able to do before—it drilled a hole through and through the centre of his heart, and brought his half finished travels to a sudden ter-

mination. Maggy McGilpin and her mutton were both forgotten, and Seton's arrangements were made for transferring his friend's servant and baggage from the hostel to the castle of Glencuddie, without meeting a single word of opposition.

But, to come to the Journal—these are some of the terms that my grandfather uses: *puella formosissima et venustissima, præcæ statuæ atque formæ rotundæ; oculis, cæruleis, fulgidis, blandissime ridentibus—vultu molle et pulchro*—but this is enough to show the strain of the night; the whole description is of the same character and winds up with an apostrophe to the happy man, who may be thought worthy to possess such a treasure.—As my object is to relate only a tale of *my own* times, it will not be expected that I should be very minute in detailing the progress of my grandfather's courtship. I have already said that he passed a period of five months at the hamlet where he had intended to stop only for a few hours: it will be enough to add, that in the course of that time, he so well improved the opportunities of intercourse which a residence under the same roof afforded him, that he not only gained the good will and favour of the mother, but the heart and hand of the “lovely Alice.” He took care to give information to his parents, from time to time, of his proceedings, but being confident of their ready acquiescence in any scheme he might form for his own happiness, he did not deem it necessary to wait for their formal consent to his bringing a wife home with him.

It will be remembered that Seton, in the interview at the hostel, had hinted to his friend, that his mother and sister constituted the only link which connected him with his native country, and that but for them his feet should never press its soil. He had shown an unwillingness to reveal the causes of this extraordinary antipathy, which had existed even from his boyhood, and my grandfather, satisfied more and more as the character, habits, domestic virtues, and social qualities of his friends developed themselves, that, whatever might have been the origin of the sentiment, there was nothing in it dishonorable or degrading, had refrained from making any allusion to the subject. Mrs. Seton, indeed, had more than once, when alone with my grandfather, commenced a conversation which seemed designed to lead to the discussion of this to-

pic, but a sigh always accompanied the effort, as if it revived some painful recollection, and the entrance of Alice or her brother would generally interrupt the communication, if any were intended. As time passed on, and the mutual affection and wishes of my grandfather and his Alice were openly avowed, the opportunities for a *tête à tête* with the mother were less frequent, and Mrs. Seton herself, seeming to forget all other sources of anxiety or uneasiness in the prospect of her daughter's happiness and honorable establishment in life, no longer sighed when she looked at her son, and, in a little while, began openly to congratulate him, that the time would soon come, when his only tie to the "land o' cakes" would be dissolved, and when he might freely indulge his cosmopolitan affections. Before this period, whenever Seton permitted his feelings, as he often did, to break forth into sarcasm or bitter irony against Scotland or against Scotsmen, it was easy to perceive that his mother was deeply distressed, though she seldom made any reply. She was herself a native of England: all those mysterious sympathies, therefore, which nature is supposed to interweave with our very existence, for what the Germans so expressively term *Faderland*, must have been in harmony with the unpatriotic prejudices of her son; but a nobler and more disinterested principle controlled the mind of Mrs. Seton—in consenting to unite herself with a gentleman of Scotland, and to leave father and mother to cleave only unto him, she made his country hers, bound herself to his fortunes and to the interests of his family. A few years only of happiness and peace were hers—her husband was an adherent of the exiled Dynasty, and the part which he took in the rebellion of 1715 deprived him of rank, title and fortune; at the intercession of her friends in England, who comprized some of the leading counsellors of George I. a large portion of the estate was restored, but her unhappy lord did not live to enjoy the bounty of his unacknowledged sovereign. At the time of his death, young Seton was in his ninth year—he was a boy of precocious intellect, of sedate and matured habits of thinking and acting, and had been his father's constant companion in all his melancholy wanderings over the crags and precipices that hung in wild and terrible threatening above their native hamlet. During the last illness of his father, this boy never left his bed-side—no

medicine, no nourishment could be taken but from his hand—the pillow was never easy unless smoothed by Percival, and sometimes for whole days no other person was permitted to enter the sick chamber. In what manner the hours were passed during which they were thus shut up together, Percival never told: when once questioned on the subject by his afflicted mother, he had answered, “O mother dont ask me!” and she never again repeated the question. She was satisfied with the affection which her husband had never ceased to show towards her—he had been every thing to her that her heart looked for, and she could not permit herself to feel for a moment jealous of the fuller confidence which seemed to be reposed in her son. That son she knew, revered her with a strength of devotion far surpassing the mere sentiment of filial duty, and, young as he was, her reliance on his judgment and prudence was not less than her confidence in his affection and integrity. It was on his account she had appealed to the influence of her loyal friends in England, and the successful issue of that appeal, being communicated to her as it was, just at the moment of her heavy bereavement, awakened a hope for her son, which enabled her to support, with calmness and resignation, the many troubles and sorrows of widowhood. She did not doubt that Percival, under the guidance of herself and those to whom she should entrust his education, would win back all his hereditary honours as well as the estate, and wipe away from his father’s name the rebel stain which attainted it. In the furtherance of these maternal hopes, she believed it to be all important that Percival should continue to reside with her in the midst of the tenants and clansmen—and by mixing freely with them and disseminating among them the principles of loyalty which she had reason to believe he already cherished, thus gradually acquire an influence over them which might eventually be used, not only to the promotion of their comforts and happiness, (which had been sadly diminished by the rebellion,) but to his own advancement in the favour of his sovereign.—

Mrs. Seton lost no time, after her mind had sufficiently recovered from the afflicting dispensation to which I have alluded, in summoning her son to a serious discussion of her plans for the future.

She unfolded to him all her hopes and wishes, explained to his full comprehension the nature of the legal reproach that rested upon his name, and the means that might be successfully used to restore it to its former lustre—spoke of the present unsettled and miserable condition of the tenantry, and showed him how it might be in his power to lead them back to all the arts of industry and peace and their attendant comforts, and how much his own future happiness depended on the prosperity of those who would naturally look up to him for direction and support in all their troubles and perplexities. Percival listened to the reasoning of his mother with respectful and affectionate attention; acknowledged with all the warmth of filial gratitude the exclusive regard for his interests which was manifest in her plans; but with a firmness of decision, which was as unexpected as it was unshakeable, while he threw himself upon her bosom, and evinced by his tears and the fervour of his embraces, how much it cost him to seem refractory to his only parent, declared that he would rather die at once than consent to live in Scotland. He besought his mother, on his knees, not to demand his reasons; but to convince her, that they were neither childish nor superstitious, he avowed his readiness to submit implicitly to her guidance and direction for two years, in the confidence that, if, at the end of that time, he declared his mind unchanged, she would send him, or accompany him, to England, where he might pursue his education, and, if possible, forget that he ever had another home.

Deeply afflicted, disappointed, and grieved as she was, at this sudden and unlooked for obstacle to the accomplishment of her hopes, Mrs. Seton, nevertheless, loved her son too well, and entertained too high an opinion of the maturity of his character, not to respect his feelings in a matter that seemed to have made so strong an impression. She kissed off his tears, promised compliance with his wishes, and returned to her domestic occupations, that she might lose in the cares of the moment the anxious solicitude that pressed upon her spirits for the future. The two years of probation passed off without a single recurrence to the painful subject: the education of Percival went on during that time as it would have done had he made no opposition to his mother's views, and Mrs. Seton began almost to forget that it was possible her favorite

system might be suddenly interrupted and broken down by the terms of her own agreement. Percival, however, did not forget: he had faithfully performed his part of the contract; he had been dutiful, affectionate, and obedient, attentive to the slightest wish of his mother, docile to his tutors, uniformly kind and affectionate to his little sister, and conciliating in his conduct to all around him: he had made a two years sacrifice of his own feelings—had buried in his own bosom, and in the solitude of his own chamber, the anguish that preyed upon his mind—and he now claimed the fulfilment of his mother's promise. He was urgent with her to abandon Glencuddie and accompany him to England, that he might still have the happiness of dwelling under the same roof with her, and enjoying the benefit of her maternal counsels in the further progress of his studies: he contrasted the pleasures of a residence in the midst of her noble connexions with the solitary life she must lead at Glencuddie; he spoke of the advantages which his sister would derive from such an introduction to the world—in short, he exhausted all the arguments which affection and enthusiasm could supply to a boy of eleven, to no purpose. His mother would not retract the consent she had given to his leaving her, but she believed it to be her duty, as it must be for his ultimate interests, that she should remain where she was and endeavour to supply his place to the dependents and followers of the family. She still clung to the hope that time would eradicate his prejudices—she could give them no other name—and that he would become the beloved chief of a brave and loyal clan.

More than ten years had glided by, since Percival first turned his back upon the house of his fathers. He had managed to spend a few weeks of the long vacation every year with his mother and sister, for whom his affection seemed to grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength; but it was more and more evident, at each succeeding visit, that his early hatred of his country grew also daily more inveterate, and did but "strengthen from strange to stranger."

(To be continued.)

For the National Magazine.

ARE THERE NO WREATHS?

Are there no wreaths, except the wreaths that deck
The brows of men who gain renown by strife—
No fame but that which rises from the wreck
Of happiness, and waste of human life?—

Is there no wreath for humble goodness; none
For those who, meek and unambitious glide,
In quiet to the grave, their duties done
To God and man, without one pang of pride?

Ask not on earth—unblemished Virtue stands
Unnoticed, unador'd amidst mankind—
It seeks no wreaths, no praise from human hands,
Heaven rewards, and there its wreaths are twin'd.

F.

EXCERPTIONS:

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN OMNIVOROUS READER.

No. II.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER. The compassionate and sympathising reader, who has had no opportunity of seeing any other than the common English version of the Septuagint Bible, must often have had his feelings painfully excited by the affecting story of Jephthah's "rash vow," as it has been called, and the consequent, supposed, sacrifice of his pious and affectionate daughter: "and she was his only child." No force of imagination could give more

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beauty or pathos to a story than this possesses, even in the simple, brief, sententious style of the Holy Text.

“And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands, Then it shall be that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt-offering. So Jephthah passed over unto the children of Ammon to fight against them; and the Lord delivered them into his hands. And he smote them from Aroer, even till thou come to Minnith, even twenty cities, and unto the plain of the vineyards, with a very great slaughter. Thus the children of Ammon were subdued before the children of Israel. And Jephthah came to Mizpeh unto his house, and, behold, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and dancings: and she was his only child; besides her he had neither son nor daughter. And it came to pass, when he saw her, that he rent his clothes, and said, Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me: for I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back. And she said unto him, My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth; forasmuch as the Lord hath taken vengeance for thee of thine enemies, even of the children of Ammon. And she said unto her father, Let this thing be done for me; let me alone two months, that I may go up and down upon the mountains, and bewail my virginity, I and my fellows. And he said, Go. And he sent her away for two months: and she went with her companions, and bewailed her virginity upon the mountains. And it came to pass at the end of two months, that she returned unto her father, who did with her according to his vow which he had vowed: and she knew no man. And it was a custom in Israel, That the daughters of Israel went yearly to lament the daughter of Jephthah the Gileadite four days in a year.” *Judges XI. 30—40.*

Some of the many learned and laborious commentators upon these passages, have corrected the errors from which the cruel and barbarous catastrophe of our translation is deduced, and have shown, not only by indisputable rules of construction as applied

to the original text, but by plain and irrefragable arguments drawn from an analysis of the Levitical law in relation to vows, that the sacrifice made by Jephthah, in obedience to his vow, did not touch the life of his daughter—that she was merely consecrated by him to the Lord, and thus compelled, according to a statute in Israel, to live in a state of perpetual virginity. This, to her, was a sacrifice equal to the loss of life—for it was a hope common to every daughter of Israel, that she might become the mother of the Messiah; and to lead a life of celibacy not only excluded her from this hope, but consigned her, in the view of all her country-women, to a state of the lowest degradation. When all this is considered, the voluntary and cheerful obedience of this exemplary daughter, manifest a degree of filial piety, which has no parallel in ancient or modern story. And yet, what is very remarkable, this pattern of all that is tender, obedient, and affectionate, the theme of poets, historians, moralists, and divines, through a period of three thousand years—is literally without a name, being spoken of only as the *daughter of Jephthah*!—

“O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!”

The fable of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, by her father Agamemnon, is generally supposed, and apparently upon the strongest grounds, to have been founded upon this story of Jephthah's daughter. As the comparison is curious, and the account not within the reach of readers generally, I shall extract here, from De Lavour's *Conference de la Fable avec l'Histoire Sainte*, as quoted by Dr. Clarke, in his Commentary, *in loco*, that portion of it which relates to the sacrifice of Iphigenia:—

“—— The opinion that the name *Iphigenia* is taken from the daughter of Jephthah, appears well grounded: yea, the conformity is palpable. By a very inconsiderable transposition *Iphigenia* makes *Iphthygenia*, which signifies, literally, the daughter of *Jephthah*. Agamemnon, who is described as a valliant warrior, and admirable captain, was chosen by the Greeks for their Prince and General against the *Trojans*, by the united consent of all Greece, assembled together at AULIS, in *Beotia*.”

“As soon as he had accepted the command, he sent ambassadors to Priam, King of *Troy*, to demand satisfaction for the rape of

Helen, of which the *Greeks* complained. The *Trojans* refusing to grant this, *Agamemnon*, to gain over to his side the gods, who appeared irritated against the *Greeks*, and opposed to the success of their enterprise, after having sacrificed to them, went to consult with their interpreter *Chalchas*, who declared that the gods, and particularly *Diana*, would not be appeased but by the sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, the daughter of *Agamemnon*.

"*Cicero*, in his offices, says, that *Agamemnon*, in order to engage the protection of the gods in his war against the *Trojans*, vowed to sacrifice to them the most beautiful of all that should be born in his kingdom; and as it was found that his daughter *Iphigenia*, surpassed all the rest in beauty he believed himself bound by his vow to sacrifice her. *Cicero* condemns this; rightly judging, that it would have been a lesser evil to falsify his vow, than to have committed parricide. This account of *Cicero* renders the fable entirely conformable to the history.

"*Agamemnon* was at first struck with and troubled at this order, nevertheless consented to it; yet afterwards regretted the loss of his daughter. He is represented by the poets as deliberating, and being in doubt whether the gods could require such a parricide: but, at last a sense of his duty and honour overcame his paternal affection; and his daughter, who had warmly exhorted him to fulfil his vow to the gods, was led to the altar amidst the lamentations of her companions; as *Ovid* and *Euripides* relate.

"Some authors have thought she really was sacrificed; but others, more humane, say, she was caught up in a cloud by the gods, who contended with the intended sacrifice, substituted a hind in her place, with which the sacrifice was completed.

"*Dictys Cretensis* says, that this animal was substituted to save *Iphigenia*.

"The chronology of times so remote cannot, in many respects, but be uncertain. Both the *Greeks* and *Romans* grant, that there was nothing else than fables before the first *Olimpiad*; the beginning of which was at least four hundred and fifty years after the destruction of *Troy*, and two hundred and forty years after *Solomon*. As to the time of *Solomon*, nothing can be more certain than what is related in the sixth chapter of the first Book of Kings,

that from the going out of *Egypt*, under *Moses*, till the time in which he began to build the temple, was four hundred and eighty years.

"According to the common opinion, the taking of *Troy* is placed one hundred and eighty years before the reign of *Solomon*; but his reign preceded *Homer* three centuries, according to some learned men, and always at least one century by those who related it lowest. Indeed, there is much uncertainty in fixing the express time in which *Homer* flourished.

"*Pausanias* found so much difference concerning this in authors, that he was at a loss how to judge of it. However, it is sufficient for us, that it was granted, that *Solomon* was at least a century before *Homer*, who wrote more than two centuries after the taking of *Troy*, and who is the most ancient historian of this famous siege."

I am unable to comprehend, why it was thought necessary to add this inquiry into the chronology of *Homer*. Whether there ever was such a man as *Homer*, or whether he was before or after *Solomon*, are questions that can throw no light on the fable of *Iphigenia*; since, it is certain, that the Poems which come to us in the name of *Homer*, are entirely silent as to any such sacrifice. The fable, therefore, must be of later invention than any period at which the time of *Homer* can be fixed, particularly as he is not only "the most ancient historian of this famous siege" of *Troy*, but the source from which all other historians of it have derived their materials.—The mention of *Homer*, reminds me that I have, somewhere, lately, seen it stated, as an article of "literary intelligence," that some modern investigator of antiquities had hit upon the discovery—the proofs of which were, at least, as satisfactory as any that have been offered in support of the various theories as to the author of *Junius*——that the Epics bearing the name of *Homer*, were actually written by one of the Heroes whose exploits are celebrated in them, namely, *Ulysses*. Should this be true, there would be still less doubt that the fable of *Iphigenia* was an after invention, founded upon the story of *Jephthah's* daughter.

LORD NORTH. Americans have been accustomed to regard this name as synonymous with every thing vicious, tyrannical, and hate-

ful; and yet all his contemporaries and associates agree in representing Lord North as a man of the most virtuous and estimable qualities. Butler, in his "Reminiscences," says that the word "gentleman"—which describes an assemblage of many real virtues, of many qualities approaching to virtue, and an union of manners at once pleasing and commanding respect,—was never applied to any person in a higher degree, or more generally, than it was to Lord North, and to all he said or did in the House of Commons. He affirms, that he had not a single enemy, among his political adversaries. He was universally allowed to be one of the *wittiest* men of his time, and Butler tells us, that his wit possessed the singular quality of never giving offence—"the object of it was sure to join with pleasure in the laugh." He mentions one instance of this good-humoured wit, which is worth remembering.—"The assault of Mr. Adam on Mr. Fox, and of Colonel Fullarton on Lord Shelburne, had once put the House into the worst possible humour, and there were more or less of savageness in every thing that was said:—Lord North deprecated the too great readiness to take offence, which then seemed to possess the House. 'One member' he said, 'who spoke of me, called me, *that thing called a Minister*:—to be sure,' he said, patting his large form, 'I am *a thing*;—the member, therefore, when he called me *a thing*, said what was true; and I could not be angry with him; but when he added, that thing called *a Minister*, he called me *that thing*, which of *all things*, he himself wished most to be; and, therefore, I took it as a compliment.'—" Such command of temper, in political debate, is one of the happiest gifts a speaker can possess. The man who permits himself to be irritated or ruffled by the rudeness of his adversary can never make the most of his argument. E.

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**THE FLOWER IS NOT WITHERED—IT IS ONLY
TRANSPLANTED.**

Sorrow is the genuine effusion of nature—Joy may be assumed.—Smiles may be on the lips and sweet music on the tongue, yet have no acquaintance with the heart—But who will copy the expression

of grief; wear the mask of a dreaded foe, or affect the pangs that remind us of the insecurity of happiness?—

Education may refine; may renew or efface original impressions, and silence some of the strongest emotions—but acute distress is the torrent that art cannot suppress; the voice that will be heard, whether in cries aloud in the excess of anguish, or complains of the pains of memory in solitude.—

When nature speaks in the powerful language of affliction, and tells of delicate affections suddenly broken, few will turn away and refuse to condole with the sufferer.—Levity is serious and respectful, the rude courteous and compassionate towards *real sorrow*, for it indicates the most amiable traits of human character—Tears from such a source leave no stain on the cheek of manhood—On the pale face of Woman, when she mourns in the character of a wife or a mother, they claim our admiration no less than our sympathies.—

A mother's grief is the most sincere of passions—The hand that takes away her child extracts blood from her heart, and rends the tenderest ties—The very helplessness of infancy, its little cares and joys; the gradual developement of its beauty and intelligence, tend to assist the growth of a mother's affections.—Many have forgotten in age the companions of their youth—Relations and false friends will often drive from their doors the wretch, who, in prosperity, had been received; but a mother, through the vicissitudes of time, fortune, and reputation, will know her child, and clasp it to her bosom.—What love is comparable to hers?

The grief of a mother is of no ordinary kind, and admits of no ordinary remedy—Who will interrupt her with the offer of consolation? Neither the tongue of the Sophist, nor the methodical truths of the philosopher have charms in the house of mourning.—Language may not soothe, but it may partially describe (and from a recent example) the picture we lament to behold.—

Death has torn an infant, *an only son*, from the caress of its parents.—No lingering sickness preceded the sad event—Suddenly, and without a threat, the blow was struck!—

—The fond parents had anticipated the future worth and celebrity of their child—In the mirror of imagination they had

beheld the efforts of a noble ambition in manhood, and more remotely the wreath of honour on an aged head—but they saw not the cloud that hung over the scene!—While they calculated the things of futurity; while they gazed on the fair brow of their little son, and raised the structure of hope, the hand of Death was extended.—

The child sleeps, and the dream of bliss is with it in the tomb—Exempt alike from vices and virtues, it has left no example to shun or to imitate;—no epitaph except on the hearts of its parents.—Had the tree grown to a lofty height ere it fell,—had the spring increased to a mighty river ere it terminated in ocean, the point of affection might have lost its barb in the recollection, that early promises had been justly fulfilled in maturity:—a glorious reputation might have divided with sorrow the memory of affection.—

Poor human nature!—how are you sported with in the very halls of thy inheritance!—Descended from a God, yet the jest of shadows, and the victim of petty realities!—The puncture of a pin, the sting of the vile insect that lives only a few hours, can destroy the life of lordly man, who, in the likeness of his Creator, is as much the slave of insignificant circumstances as the reptile that crawls at his feet.—Let us not, however, complain, for God is just—rather let us believe that the present condition of our being is necessary to prepare us for the Paradise that will ultimately ensue.—

To smile when our feelings are wounded; to spurn the little evils of life, and endure what is unavoidable with firmness, denotes a strong and well regulated mind—To assert our principles in the presence of death, and look calmly and proudly on the executioner, sustains the hope that the soul can never die.—

A virtuous and enlightened mind cannot be the permanent abode of sorrow—it has aids to lean on besides the condolence of friends—There are duties to perform, rewards to enjoy, and hopes to indulge on Earth.—If these do not glitter in the gloom of present affliction, imagination may present beyond the dark curtain of Mortality, an image at which the mourner might look and forget to weep.—